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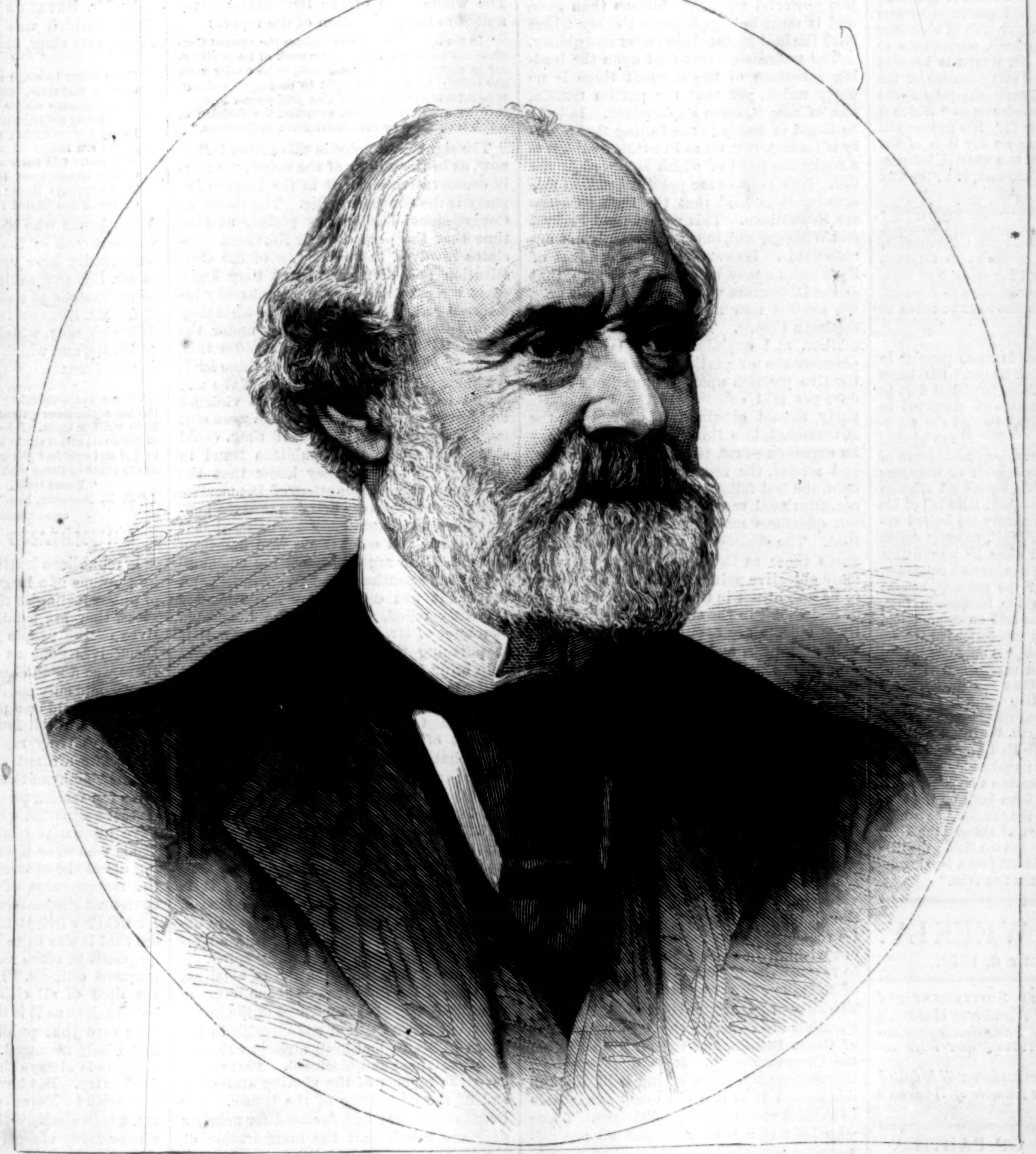
CHARLES READE.

OUR readers will thank us, if Mr. **READE** will not, for the excellent portrait of him which accompanies this article. Mr. **READE** has always disliked photographic portraits, and the one from which our engraving is made is, we believe, the first which has ever been published. We must plead the desire of thousands of his American admirers to know his face as well as his books, as our excuse for thus introducing him without asking leave. Apropos of this portrait, we find in a London weekly journal the statement that "last year, when Mr. **READE** went down to Margate, he got himself taken at the special request of a lady who had placed him not only in the Pantheon of her literary gods, but in that far dearer temple where stand the *lares* and *penates* of friendship and affection. He sent the photograph to her, with these memorable words: 'All previous attempts were solidified vinegar; this is the reaction, no doubt. It serves you right.'"

In connection with this portrait we condense from an admirable article in the July number of *The University Magazine* (London) the following memoir of Mr. **READE**. He is the youngest of seven sons. His father, **JOHN READE**, was in his day one of the most popular of Oxfordshire squires. He had imbibed a prejudice against public schools and academical education, and of his seven sons the youngest only was permitted to follow intellectual pursuits; and this, perhaps, was mainly owing to maternal influence. Mr. **CHARLES READE**'s earlier impressions, in fact, were, beyond those of most boys, derived from home. His father had inherited an estate of considerable acreage, situate in a lovely corner of Oxfordshire, on the Chiltern Hills. It is a land not only of fallow and meadow, but of grand beech woods, wherein the sportsman can find inexhaustible delight. The old squire entertained no higher ambition than to shoot as his forefathers had shot before him. He was Cavalier to the backbone, and the descendant of Cavaliers, yet, paradoxically enough, suffered a graft of Puritanism to be inserted on a stock so singularly uncongenial.

Shortly after attaining his majority he married a very clever and very earnest woman. The mother of Mr. **CHARLES READE** was the elder daughter of the Major **SCOTT WARING**, M.P. for Stockbridge, who played so conspicuous a part in the historical **HASTINGS** trial, and immortalized himself—after a fashion—by styling **EDMUND BURKE** "that reptile." This major, the fidus Achates of a very equivocal Æneas, was profligate not only politically, but morally, and his daughter, distressed by his Bohemianism, found a refuge in the straitest sect of our religion. **GRATTAN** called her "my pretty Methodist," and in her younger days, when she was in the vortex of a type of a society which subsequently culminated in the excesses of the Regency, she had to stand quite enough badinage to indurate her opinions. Hence, after wedding her country squire, and having abandoned an oppressive gayety for the scarcely less oppressive solitude of rusticity, she inflicted a mild Calvinism on husband and home. It would be impertinent to intrude so much of mere personal detail in a memoir of a distinguished man were it not that sympathetic natures can not fail to be influenced by their environment, and that it is not hyperbolical to affirm, concerning an author whose handiwork is indelibly connected with the literary history of the century, that he owes much to the atmosphere of home, and especially to the ennobling associations of his ripening life. If among contemporary authors **CHARLES READE** stands almost alone in respect of a gift of intellectual muscularity, it is doubtless because he is the blende of a manly father and a brilliant mother. Certainly the society of his earlier hours was the reverse of invertebrate. His mother was perhaps overappreciative of bishops and too devoted to dignitaries, yet among her *intimes* might be reckoned two such opposite thinkers as **GEORGE GROTE** and **FREDERICK FABER**. Above all—more precious than rubies—**CHARLES READE** was blessed with an elder sister of almost surpassing virtues, who, besides being as handsome as her father and as *spirituelle* as her mother, exercised a singular fascination upon all who came in contact with her. One may with safety hazard a surmise that whenever the subject of this memoir has set to work to delineate the character of a pre-eminently large-souled woman, he must have had in his mind's eye that elder sister of his. This lady married Captain **ALLEN GARDINER**, R.N.—the Captain **GARDINER** who perished of starvation on the shores of Terra del Fuego when endeavoring to establish a mission to the natives—and the legend runs that when the goodly company, consisting of the whole county-side, were waiting for the bride, she could nowhere be found. They sought high, they sought low, through straggling old Ipsden House, and at last they discovered her, orange blossoms and all, in the nursery, dressing her little brother **CHARLES**, an *animosus infans*, to whom she was devotedly attached.



yrs very truly
Charles Reade

Five elder sons having been dispatched to India, of whom three died—one, a cavalry officer, in action, two from the effects of the climate—the *mother's son*, as **CHARLES** emphatically was, received a reprieve from Juggernaut, and after picking up what scholarship could be culled from evangelical and expensive private tutors, was entered at Magdalen College, Oxford, as Demy, *alias* Scholar, and in 1835 graduated in the third class in classics, being then twenty-one years of age. Immediately after his graduation he obtained his Fellowship, which he has retained to the present date, being now third senior on the list. He has also taken the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Mr. **CHARLES READE**, however, although in addition to his College Fellowship he held for the statutable period the Vinerian Law Fellowship, open to the university at large, never took part in the life of Oxford save and except in the year 1851, when he served the office of Vice-President of Magdalen, and rendered his Society no small service in treating with Lord **RUSSELL**'s Commissioners. His years, in effect, were spent in self-education. At one period he might be found in Scotland, gleaning from observation the material which subsequently was shaped so tenderly and gracefully in *Christie Johnstone*. Another period he passed in Paris—he was all through the 1848 revolution—acquiring the arts of construction and condensation, and also in laying the lines of his dramatic celebrity. Then he served an apprenticeship as a connoisseur of violins and pictures, and finally, brimming over with the riches of experience and study—he has always been a model of patient labor, as his loaded shelves of commonplace-books prove—he poured forth a little of his acquired and natural wealth in *Peg Woffington*, yet a little more in *Christie Johnstone*, and one fine day awoke to discover himself illustrious, owing to the rapturous greeting which was accorded by two continents to *It is Never Too Late to Mend*. Moreover, the golden stream, which sprang so gloriously from a clear and sparkling fountain, flowed in more than one channel. Mr. **CHARLES READE**, the brilliant Oxford Fellow, became associated with Mr. **TOM TAYLOR**, a Cambridge Fellow, worthy of so congenial a literary partner, and more than one drama of theirs took the town by storm. It is, indeed, an open secret that, successful as our author has proved himself, both as regards style, plot, dialogue, and incident, in the domain of dramatic narration—an assertion easily verifiable by reference not only to the works above named, but equally to his artistic masterpieces, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, *Put Yourself in his Place*, *White*

Lies, *Griffith Gaunt*, and the *Woman-Hater*—his passion has been the stage. It will be for posterity to decide whether he shines with rarer effulgence as a novelist, as a playwright, or as an essayist.

Few Englishmen, and yet fewer Americans, are aware that Mr. Charles Reade is a limb of the law as well as of letters. He is so, and a member of Lincoln's Inn, owing to the exigencies of his Fellowship, which afforded him the alternatives of Divinity, Physic, or Law. From his pronounced partiality for doctors—in the realm of fiction—it might be presupposed that he had dabbled in medical science or sciolism, while one of his best characters, the chaplain in *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, and one of his most repulsive, the parson in *A Terrible Temptation*, argue some acquaintance with concrete theology. The law, however, was the *pis aller* Mr. Reade selected, and on one memorable occasion, when he was at loggerheads with Mr. Bentley the elder, he actually donned a barrister's wig and pleaded triumphantly his own cause before the House of Lords, thereby practically refuting the trite paradox, that he who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client.

Mr. Charles Reade, as all the world knows, resides mostly at his town residence, which on the reverse overlooks the Park west of Albert Gate; but he has also a suite of rooms in Magdalen College, and occasionally may be noticed prowling about the Bodleian Library, or with an armful of books in the college cloisters. Personally he is tall, erect, with a commanding presence, a full, expressive brown eye, and a noble brow. His manner is singularly dignified, without being starchy, and as a conversationalist he shines especially in the company of clever women. Verbosity in conversation is very much the reverse of his foible; indeed, if an egotist intrudes too long on his capacity for attention, it gradually relaxes, and his lecturer will predicate to ears abstractedly deaf. This latter trait of character may be in a measure, perhaps, attributable to the onus of popularity. Mr. Reade is honored not only by a budget from every quarter of the globe, but also by callers, garrulous people who come to him with such conundrums as "Which is my right, which my left hand?" His temper will be readily understood when we say it is of the order that is not indisposed to a quarrel, but generous enough, when the time comes, to be the first to make it up.

The account of the mirror-multiplied and grotto-bedecked surroundings of the sanctum of Mr. Rolfe, the writer, as given in *A Terrible Temptation*, contains a good deal of truth as to Charles Reade's own entourage, and the manner of work there described is an approximation to the fact. But these fancy depictions must not be taken in the spirit of an inventory.

No living English writer is more popular in this country than Charles Reade. His latest production, *The Coming Man*, published first in *Harper's Weekly* as a serial, and afterward in "Harper's Half-hour Series," excited the attention of the whole continent. He did not become a novelist till he was approaching forty years of age; he has pursued this branch of literature with such industry that his novels fill thirteen volumes of "Harper's Household Edition" of his works. His energy and industry are indeed untiring. A London paper, *Light*, recently called attention to the fact that when he issued "his great prose prison-epic" he was his own publisher. He managed and paid for the printing, bought the paper, arranged with the binder—in fact, brought out the book to be sold on commission, and punctually every week superintended the accounts. "This," says *Light*, "is only one indication of the superabundant energy and vigor of the man. Nothing has been too small or too great for him to learn. Had printers failed, he was quite capable of taking off his coat and setting up his work (as Walt Whitman actually did) with his own hands. Had every publisher in Europe been in a league against his works, he would have turned his house into a book-shop and published *there*. Had he been born on the Continent, face to face with the 'censor,' he would have conquered the censor and alarmed the king. Well may we call him Charles the Bold; the title would be perfect, if one did not feel a longing desire to christen him Charles the True."

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☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains an interesting double-page engraving entitled* "Acquitted," *and other attractive features.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE TENACITY OF PARTIES.

The State of New York is probably Republican in a fair election. But under actual circumstances it is supposed to be so close as to be doubtful. This fact imposes a plain duty upon the Republican party. It is not to pretend a harmony which does not and can not exist, but to nominate for Congress candidates of character and ability so unexceptionable as to command the support of all who feel that with such men, and with no other, continued Republican ascendency in Congress is desirable. The fact must be constantly borne in mind—for however ostrich-like political management may be, the fact will remain unchanged—that there are Republicans in the country whose politics are quite as repugnant to many Republicans as those of Democrats, and if it were believed that Republican success meant the control of the party by such men, that success would be seriously imperilled. General Butler is one of that class. Strange as it may seem, although the general is asserted to be one of the most stalwart of Republicans, there are a great many sincere, original, and unswerving Republicans who would vote against any Republican candidate, however regularly nominated, if they knew that he was a stalwart Republican of the Butler brand. This is undoubtedly a very inconvenient and impracticable kind of Republican, but there are a great many of them, and their votes are indispensable.

The uncertainty of the general vote in New York has been signally shown in some recent elections, notably the Greeley election of 1872 and the Tilden election of 1874. There are plenty of good reasons to be offered in explanation of these, as of all elections. But the fact to be remembered now is that, as the history of the Congress that has just adjourned shows, on all great questions the great parties are broken up, and that they cohere only by force of the party name and tradition. This is a situation more alarming for the Republicans than for the Democrats, and for two reasons: first, there is always more individual independence in the Republican than in the Democratic party; and second, the Democrats are convinced that nothing but party cohesion is needed to bring them into power in 1880. The mere force of the party name is therefore less powerful with Republicans than ever, and it must be supplemented every where with the best personal character and ability.

The undeniable fact that upon the leading questions of the moment there is no party union, yet that the parties remain, has, of course, some explanation. It is to be found probably in the feeling that a party is its majority, or, as Pulteney said, it is a snake the head of which is moved by the tail. Now politics are practical, and in this country it is held that the best elements are Republican. This was the old Federal and Whig ground, but it is certainly not unreasonable. However bad the conduct of Republicans may be on any question, that of the Democrats would probably be worse. We are not now making an assertion, but stating a theory. The same reasoning goes further, and explains more in detail the phenomenon of parties that hold no distinctive position upon the questions of the day, yet still cohere. If the Democratic party should obtain full control of the government, two things, in this view, may be expected—first, payment for the slaves, and second, the repudiation of the public debt, the last following from the first. The constitutional restriction is not forgotten, but questions may readily be raised upon that. The feeling of which we speak regards these as the necessary, logical, ultimate objective points of Democratic policy, to be sought not in the declarations or votes of to-day, but in the situation itself. When these objects are attained, the solid South will disappear, and not until then. The ground taken by the Southern Democratic leaders—and they will be the leaders because they alone have a real object, and are in earnest—will be that it was not morally right to take their slaves without compensation, or to make them pay the debt incurred in their own suppression.

This we presume to be the view that underlies the continued active organization of two parties, neither of which has any distinctive policy. It is this view that occasions hostility to the Administration as surrendering to the South. Nothing but this view could possibly justify the wholly sectional tone of many Republican leaders. Its root is the conviction that "the South," not wishing to restore slavery, and unable to reverse the historical fact of the failure of secession, now means to obliterate the necessity of paying for its own humiliation. Parallels are found in the Jacobite politics of Great Britain, and the reaction against the Commonwealth. It is a view which unquestionably has a strong hold of many minds, and it is one obviously susceptible of skillful use by adroit politicians. Those who hold it naturally despise all propositions for administrative reform as "tuppenny" and silly in view of the fixed purpose of a united and powerful section commanding a party that does not admit a doubt of obtaining complete control in 1880. They appeal to it also as a reason for forgetting all kinds of differences as they were forgotten in the war. But the trouble is that the very persons who are to be influenced by this view can not see it to be so reasonable as its holders assert. In any case, and without further considering it now, we wish to urge upon Republicans that the mere statement of this estimate of the situation will not be enough. If a Republican Congress is to be elected, it must be by the selection of men who have other qualifications than a regular party nomination.

RUNNING FOR LUCK.

The Judiciary Committee of the House, with but two members—Mr. Proctor Knott and General Butler—dissenting, have reported upon Mr. Blair's Maryland resolution, and they declare the President's title to be unassailable. Mr. Potter and his associates, however, are debarred from saying that this is the ground they have always held, and that they have never meant to attack the title. Such an attack was the fair and logical inference of their action, and it was the declared purpose of those who instigated the movement. If Mr. Potter and his associates intended no attack upon the title, why did they not say so when the question was raised? Why, instead, did they refuse to say so, while Mr. Potter wrote a letter which hinted plainly at revolutionary action? The answer is obvious. They were running for luck. They had undertaken a business from which they meant to get all the party advantage that they possibly could. If uncertainty of the scope and aim seemed to promise well, they would say nothing. But for the same reason they would speak if they must. And they have spoken in the report of the Judiciary Committee only because public opinion compelled them to speak. The vote was remarkable. There were but fourteen negatives, and among them the only name of any importance whatever was that of Mr. Blackburn, of Kentucky, who was one of the leading anarchists in the winter of '76-77. The whole force of the Democratic party united in the declaration of the report:

> "In the opinion of this committee the present Congress has no power to undo the work of its predecessor in counting the electoral vote, or to confer upon any judicial tribunal the right to pass upon and perhaps set aside the action of that predecessor in reference to a purely political question, the decision of which is confided by the Constitution to Congress."

The significant point in this action is that now, as in the winter of the count, the really conservative element in the Democratic party is the Southern wing. The Southern Congressional leaders saw plainly at that time that the plan of their Northern associates involved the overthrow of the Constitution and civil war. But they knew what war was, and they were naturally indisposed to begin a war to secure what they were sure would fall to them under the forms of law in four years. Besides this, not only was war uncertain, but those leaders knew that, while the pretext of the war would be Republican frauds, the violence and terror on the Democratic side were still more incontestable. Even if they could show a fair case of Republican fraud in cooking the returns, they knew that the proof and the presumption of Democratic violence were so overwhelming that the general conviction would necessarily be that it was Hayes and not Tilden who had been cheated. The argument and the commonsense of the Southern leaders prevailed, and the count was completed. These leaders evidently relied, also, upon the honorable character of Mr. Hayes, and they saw that in pursuing the right course they would help bring into power a President who had said what he meant, and who would prove by his conduct that he sincerely desired the pacification of the country and the wise settlement of the Southern troubles. It is plain that the real mastership of the Democratic party is where it has always been, and it is satisfactory to see that the counsels of its wiser and more patriotic members prevail. It is certainly better for the country that one of the great parties should be controlled by men like Hill and Lamar than by those like Cox and Springer. It is preferable for this, if for no other reason, that it compels the Republican party to depend upon something else than its adversary's blunders and its own party spirit.

But now that the intention of assailing the title of the President has been formally renounced, what is the purpose of the investigation? The facts of the election in the doubtful States had been already exhaustively examined and disclosed. There have been the reports of the visiting statesmen and of the committee of the House. The Democratic party had declared for nearly a year and a half that the inauguration of Mr. Hayes was the result of the Phenomenal Crime of the century. For the same time the Democratic Conventions, orators, and press with one accord have united in stigmatizing the Colossal Fraud that was committed in Louisiana. The acquiescence of the party in the Monstrous Wrong has been described by the party itself as the sublimest spectacle in history. Even the House that ratified the decision of the Electoral Commission in favor of Mr. Hayes voted that Mr. Tilden had been rightfully elected. The purpose of the investigation, therefore, can not be to establish a fraud which those who are engaged in the matter have proclaimed and voted for more than a year to be undeniable. It can not be intended merely to lead up to a repetition of the declaration of the last House that Mr. Tilden was rightfully elected, because that would be only ludicrous. If, then, the object be not to assail the title, nor to establish a fraud which is declared to have been incontestably proved already, nor to renew the assertion that Mr. Tilden was elected, there is but one other probable purpose, and that is "to keep the pot a-bilin'." All the solemn manifesto thus ends in a party trick for the benefit of Mr. Tilden. Still, what party advantage is to be gained? The opinion of every sensible person in regard to the election has been long formed. It is, undoubtedly, that there was immense rascality on both sides, and that Congress ought to provide a method of dealing with the consequences of such rascality hereafter. But no man who had not already resolved long since on account of the "fraud" to support the Democratic party is going to support it because of any thing that Anderson has said or that the investigation has developed. The investigation, indeed, has weakened the Democratic side. The only result of the movement, therefore, will be to imbitter the factions in the Democratic party, to make the opponents of Mr. Tilden indignant with the attempt to retain him as the necessary candidate, and to spur them to more vigorous hostility. The war will hardly come up to the manifesto.

AN INTERESTING NOTE FROM MR. BRYANT.

In Mr. Bryant's poem "The Flood of Years," which was first published two or three years since, are these lines:

> "So they pass
> From stage to stage along the shining course
> Of that fair river, broadening like a sea.
> As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
> They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
> In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
> Again are folded round the child she loved
> And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
> Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
> That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
> Or broke are healed forever."

A gentleman who had been sorely bereaved was so struck by the unquestioning faith in immortality here expressed that he wrote to Mr. Bryant, asking if the lines were to be understood as a statement of his own belief. Mr. Bryant instantly replied in the following note, which has not been published before, and which has a peculiar interest at this time:

"Cummington, Massachusetts, *August* 10, 1876.

"Dear Sir,—Certainly I believe all that is said in the lines you have quoted. If I had not I could not have written them. I believe in the everlasting life of the soul; and it seems to me that immortality would be but an imperfect gift without the recognition in the life to come of those who are dear to us here.

"Yours truly, W. C. Bryant.

"F. N. Barrett, Esq."

GRUMBLING AT CONGRESS.

If republican institutions are to be judged by the tone of a large part of the press and of public feeling at the adjournment of Congress, they are a failure. The representatives of the people were besought to get themselves gone as soon as possible, and there was a loud chorus of assertion that if they would only not come back again for five years, it would be a public blessing. If this feeling were well founded, and if the representatives truly represented us, then evidently we are not fit for self-government. But how many of those who indulge and express the feeling propose to do any thing to correct a situation which they deplore? We have known people in country neighborhoods who were always snarling and sneering about the character of men in office and the management of local affairs, but who contented themselves with voting the regular ticket without taking the least care to see that it was fit to be voted for. Now delinquents in office really represent such delinquent citizens. For it is just as much the duty of all citizens to look after the nominations as it is that of public officers to take care that public affairs are honestly and wisely managed.

There is always the reply that it does no good to try. But how many who say so have ever tried? Moreover, if it does no good to try, a man should either refuse to connive at a necessarily vicious system by not voting, or he should frankly try to break it up. If representative government is a failure, let us dispense with it. If it is not a failure, but only abused, nobody abuses it so much as the citizen who will not try to straighten it. There is to be a new House elected in the autumn. Let all those who wish that it shall be a better House than that which has just adjourned try to elect a better one. Let them begin at the beginning, every one of them, and turn out at the primary. If they are beaten, and an unfit man is nominated on both sides, they can refuse to vote; and when men refuse to vote, and put out all calculations, party managers will nominate better men, and those who have tried for better things will not have tried in vain.

It would be amusing if it were not contemptible to hear the comments on Congress, as if some remote and resistless power had imposed the House of Representatives upon us. Those who are loudest in condemnation would be found unquestionably to have done nothing whatever to secure a better House. In general terms, a bad Congress strictly represents the national want of will to have a good Congress. If we are all in the hands of political gangs and party rings, we have ourselves to blame for maintaining a system which fosters gangs and rings. If we put offices up for sale, they will be filled by those who are willing to buy them: and why should we complain of bargains which we ourselves promote? If the grumblers and sneerers will take the simple and obvious steps, they will readily cure their own complaints.

OFFICIAL "CONTRIBUTIONS" FOR ELECTION EXPENSES.

We alluded last week to Mr. Gorham's circular to the government officers requesting "contributions" to the election fund, and we stated the well-known views of the President upon the subject. It is the fashion to say that he has changed his mind. But he holds precisely the same opinions about this kind of robbery that he has always held. The advantage of his opponents is that they can attribute to him what views they choose, and he can only trust for a reply to the general stability of his convictions. Whatever fault may be found with the President, it can not be said that he is easily led or driven from opinions once carefully formed. This particular point of demanding money for election purposes from the officers of the government is one that can be as well estimated out of office as in; and the President had had ample practical experience both of office and of politics. He knows and very justly despises the stock arguments that are used to excuse the practice, and he wishes it to be perfectly understood that he does not countenance it.

We have stated distinctly the facts which it is well for government officers to bear in mind. The details of the entire executive service can not, of course, be known to the President, nor is it possible for him personally to hear and judge every individual complaint. If he should try to do it, he would have no time for the great duties of his office. If, indeed, an attempt should be made openly and confessedly to punish a clerk for declining to contribute, he could be very sure of justice from the President, as the following dispatch indicates. But the penalty is not openly imposed. It is inflicted indirectly, as every man in the service knows. Yet even if this monstrous abuse is not fully corrected, it is very greatly ameliorated by the President's position and by his known sincerity. He means what he says, and so far as lies with him the evil will be checked. The well-informed correspondent of the *Herald* says:

> "The President has given notice to all the members of the cabinet that he will not have any of their subordinates any where, either here or in the custom-houses and post-offices elsewhere, coerced into the payment of political assessments. If any one wants to pay, he may freely do so; but if any one chooses to refuse, the President will support him in that refusal. He read to the cabinet the letter addressed by Secretary Schurz to a clerk in the Interior Department, and told them that this expressed his views and has his consent. If there is any attempt in the custom-houses to levy political assessments, clerks have only to complain to the President, and he will see that they are protected in their refusal to pay."

A GOOD WOMAN.

Mrs. Adelaide Butler, for twenty-five years the matron of the Colored Orphan Asylum in New York, recently died, and her name deserves to be remembered among those who have faithfully served their kind. It is the hard fate of every person of her race to be born into a society that associates them with servility and inferiority. The moral depression that such consciousness produces is incalculable. Gerrit Smith said that the representatives from the Slave States used to argue, in proof of the natural inferiority of the colored race, that while the colored and white children seemed to be in every way equal, there came a time, when they were a little older, at which the colored child drooped and sank into conscious subordination. Yes, said Mr. Smith in reply, and if the white child were born in a servile and despised class, he would sink and droop whenever he was old enough to perceive it. It is not a natural but an artificial phenomenon. Charles Lenox Remard, an intelligent colored man in Massachusetts, who was educated in England, and who died young, harried and chagrined, used to say that he would be flayed alive willingly, if the torture would give him a white skin.

All the more admirable is the patient well-doing of those who are born to the burden of this discouragement. Mrs. Butler was born in Virginia, and came to the North a quarter of a century ago. Widowed and childless, her care of the children in her charge was most tender and maternal, and the Rev. Mr. Garnett says that during the twenty-five years of her service as matron of the Asylum it had never once been necessary to suggest to her the performance of any duty devolving upon her. During the fierce draft riots of the war, when the mob, with its usual cowardly cruelty, fell upon the most helpless victims, it directed its fury against an asylum for poor colored orphan children. That fact alone stamped the true character of the riot which some of the papers foully insulted all honorable men by calling a movement of "the people." The mob set fire to the building, and as if all the poor little waifs and strays were her own children, Mrs. Butler shielded them bravely from the white scoundrels, and, with the police, prevented a frightful massacre. The raging mob turned upon her, and she was saved only by being covertly carried to the station-house.

The crime of this country toward the colored race is the more marked because of the constant heroism and patience and nobility of character that illustrate their story. It is pitiful, and it is almost incredible, to reflect that only a quarter of a century ago men and women passed almost literally through fire and water, hungering, thirsting, tortured, nailed up in boxes, harried by blood-hounds, enduring agonies worse than St. Paul suffered, to escape from States in which they were treated more cruelly than brutes, only because they were of a black skin. They followed the north star, but they learned to their cost that they must often follow it out of the world if they would be safe, for the "superior" race was every where in league to drive them back into the hopeless pit from which they were struggling. It was a monstrous crime, for which a terrible reckoning has been made. Mrs. Butler was but fifty-five years old when she died two or three weeks ago. To the last, says Mr. Garnett, until her voice grew so faint that its accents could not be caught, she hummed the words of a familiar hymn:

> "That gate ajar stands free for all
> Who seek through it salvation;
> The rich and poor, the great and small,
> Of every tribe and nation."

"She fell asleep singing that verse like a lullaby."

AN INDEPENDENT VIEW.

Mr. Bryant was a man of strong political convictions and of genuine political independence, although he acted with a party. The following letter, which he wrote during the last Presidential campaign, is very interesting, because it shows the feeling of doubt and distrust of the Democratic party even among those who see the folly of Republican leadership. The feeling which Mr. Bryant expressed in 1876 will not have materially changed in 1880. But the letter suggests how much heartier the Republican hold of the country would have been had the views and aims of the President been adopted by the party:

> "Cummington, Massachusetts, *August* 28, 1876.
>
> "*To J. C. Derby, Esq.:*
>
> "Dear Sir,—I do not wonder that many thoughtful persons are undecided as to which candidate they shall support in the coming election of President. Both parties profess to aim at the same ends. Which has the best candidate, and which party can be most depended upon to adopt and enforce the necessary measure, are the questions which people are asking. If you look only to the candidate, Mr. Tilden is the best—the most of a statesman, the soundest and most enlarged in opinions, and, I think, of the firmest character. If you look at the parties by which the candidates are brought forward, the Republican party is the most to be relied on, although both parties, judged by the proceedings of their representatives in Congress, are greatly degenerate, and, whichever of them obtains the ascendency, those who look for a complete, radical, thorough reform will be disappointed. Some changes will doubtless be made for the better, but those who expect all abuses in the administration of the government to be done away will find their mistake.
>
> "As to the hard-money question, it seems to me that it is safest with the Republicans. The Democratic party of the West are deeply infected with the inflation heresy. It is now smothered temporarily, but as soon as the election is over it will break out again with violence. The Republican party is most free from its influence.
>
> "As to the civil service reform, which both parties profess to desire, Mr. Tilden has not pledged himself to abstain from the vicious practice of turning out indiscriminately all whom he shall find in office in case he is elected. He only promises to look carefully into their characters and qualifications. I infer that all whom he finds in office must go out. Who will answer for him that all whom he appoints will be worthy of their places? Thousands, tens of thousands, will flock to Washington for these places, all of them good Democrats, and it will be absolutely astonishing if a large number of those who are appointed do not turn out to be rogues. Mr. Hayes, who only promises to send adrift the unworthy, will have an easier task, and leisure to exercise a just discrimination.
>
> "As to the revenue laws, which are, without doubt, one cause of the hard times, neither Mr. Tilden nor Mr. Hayes has spoken of any reform to be made. Perhaps the chance of an enlightened revision of these laws is best in case the Democrats obtain the ascendency; but how slight the prospect of such a revision is I leave to be inferred from the late proceedings of the Democratic House of Representatives.
>
> "You see, therefore, that when we come to compare the prospect of reform under one of the two parties with that under the other, a man who is slow in forming conclusions might be forgiven for hesitating. Yet the greater number of those dissatisfied Republicans who came to the Fifth Avenue Conference, including most of the wisest heads among them, have acquiesced in the nomination of Hayes. The Cincinnati Convention did not give them all they wanted, but came so near to it that they thought it the wisest course to be content, and not to separate from the party with which they had hitherto acted. I thought the same thing in regard to the *Evening Post*, namely, that it would not be well to detach itself from the party which had carried the country through the civil war until it was forced to do so by the signs of a hopeless degeneracy. There may have been some things in the *Evening Post* which I have not agreed with altogether, being at so great a distance from it that I could not be expected to influence it in every thing; but in the main it has treated Mr. Tilden with marked respect. Yours truly,
>
> "W. C. Bryant."

PERSONAL.

It is said of Prince Bismarck that in his youth he never parted with a manuscript without carefully revising it; and once, when rallied on his caution, rejoined: "It is no credit to be right where it would be inexcusable to be wrong."

—Mr. Bryant was probably the wealthiest poet this country has produced, and, with perhaps the exceptions of Samuel Rogers and Lord Byron, the wealthiest, or among the wealthiest, of the Old World. His estate is said to be worth five hundred thousand dollars.

—A concourse of Bacon recently assembled at Tallmadge, Ohio, the central figure of which was the venerable Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, who journeyed thither to visit the scenes of his early life. Accompanying him were his sons, Rev. Dr. Leonard W. Bacon, of Pittsburgh; Francis Bacon, M.D., of New Haven; Theodore Bacon, who is in the practice of the law in Rochester; and Rev. Edward W. Bacon, pastor of the First Church of New London, Connecticut. They found the site of the old log-cabin, the first put up at Tallmadge, in which lived Rev. David Bacon, and where the Congregational Church was organized over seventy years ago. It is hinted that a monument to Dr. Bacon is to be erected at Tallmadge.

—Mr. Christian K. Ross, father of the lost Charles Ross, has been appointed Warden of the Port of Philadelphia, with a salary of $2500. Mr. Ross says that, with the $20,000 given by the citizens' committee of Philadelphia, he has spent $80,000 in searching for his son, and still persists in his efforts.

—Jared Whitman, the oldest graduate of Brown University, died at South Abingdon, Massachusetts, recently, at the age of ninety-three years. He was a youth, however, compared with the Rev. Canon Beaden, of Southampton, England, who is over one hundred years old, and who has never been in his bed after 7 A.M., nor out of it later than 10 P.M., and never wore an overcoat. But old as the canon is, he is quite young when compared with Mrs. Fry, of Oswego, New York, who, if she lives until the 10th of September next, will be one hundred and eight years old. Mrs. Fry, good old soul, has used tobacco ever since she was a young woman. Her appetite is so voracious that it is necessary to restrict her in the amount of food she consumes.

—Thomas Winans, who died recently at Newport, Rhode Island, leaving a fortune of $25,000,000, was from his boyhood a strong character. When a child his amusement was to build diminutive railroads and run toy trains upon them. His father encouraged him in this, and when a lad he was set at work at a lathe in the machine shop, where he served a regular apprenticeship. The Russian minister at Washington had noted the skill of Ross Winans, and encouraged him to send his son to St. Petersburg to compete for the contract for equipping the new railroad. When the vessel in which young Winans sailed arrived at St. Petersburg, the Czar and a party of officials drove down to the pier to see the ship unloaded. Thomas—a tall, strapping young man in a red shirt, with his trousers tucked in his boots, and armed with a crowbar—was bossing a party of laborers who were unloading a locomotive. He worked and talked at the same time, and his frank, open manner, powerful physique, and thorough knowledge of his trade so impressed the imperial sight-seer that he turned to one of his officers and said, "I like that fellow in the red shirt." As soon as the work was well under way, the Czar offered him an independent contract, telling him at the same time that he need give no bonds, as his simple word was sufficient.

—While few English Prime Ministers have been very rich, some have been conspicuously impecunious. Pitt never married, and declared that he couldn't afford it, and Canning and Disraeli were bolstered up by wealthy wives. The late Lord Derby and Sir Robert Peel are about the only instances of very wealthy Prime Ministers, though Lord Melbourne was very well off. Lord Palmerston only became so, late in life, through a rise in mineral property. His wife, too, succeeded to her brother Lord Melbourne's estates.

—The latest "personal" about Mr. Charles Reade is by an American lady, who says he is "a tall, slender, fine-looking man, with gray hair and mustache, a broad forehead, and a peculiar dilating blue eye. We came to speak of Lucy Fountain in *Love Me Little, Love Me Long*, but Mr. Reade had almost completely forgotten his boyish heroine. 'Oh, I write no more such books,' said he; 'I am going to instruct the public now, not amuse. I shall take up vital subjects henceforth; I am going to tear the masks off of wrongs, errors, and corruptions, and set them bleeding until they are healed.' The *Woman-Hater* was mask-tearing in some respects. It was a brilliant novel. 'You kept your secret well for a time,' I said; 'the authorship of that work, as it appeared first in *Blackwood*, was not suspected any where, and I think I saw it first announced in an American journal as by yourself.' 'Oh yes,' he said. 'It was a woman who found it out. She put the question to Mr. Blackwood in such a way that he maintained a blank silence, and that was confessing that she had hit the right hand. She might have been good and grand enough to keep silence, but how could she?'"

—Before Lord Salisbury succeeded to his title, and when he was known by the courtesy title of Lord Robert Cecil, he was in such moderate circumstances that the income he derived from contributions to periodical literature was of some consequence to him. He became a very able as well as a very careful writer, and his experience in journalism has been of great value to him. In a recent address he said: "To enter a journalistic career requires no capital; it requires comparatively little training; it has but one requirement—brains; but that it requires in a very large degree. But there are no vested interests to sustain it. There is no organized profession to reward it. The work must be done well at the greatest cost of mental and physical power, and the moment these qualities decline, the capacity to earn money is gone. The rewards of the profession are great, the power which it exercises is wonderful, but the calamities to which it is liable are exceptional. I know nothing more distressing than to read, as one sometimes does, that a man whose genius, originality, wit, and humor have fascinated the world, and who has carried on the battle of life by the exercise of these qualities against increasing disease and fear of destitution for his family, has succumbed under the labor at last."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: A majority of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, June 14, reported unfavorably on the proposed amendment of the Constitution prohibiting the States from disfranchising women. The Senate passed the House bill fixing the pension of persons who have lost both hands, feet, or eyes in service at $72 per month. The House, by a vote of 215 to 21, adopted the following preamble and resolution: "*Whereas*, At the joint meeting of the two Houses of the Forty-fourth Congress, convened pursuant to law and the Constitution for the purpose of ascertaining and counting the votes for President and Vice-President for the term commencing March 4, 1877, on counting the votes Rutherford B. Hayes was declared elected President and William A. Wheeler was declared elected Vice-President for such term; therefore, *Resolved*, That no subsequent Congress, and neither House, has jurisdiction to revise the action at such joint meeting, and any attempt by either House to annul or disregard such action, or the title to office arising therefrom, would be revolutionary, and is disapproved by this House." Immediately afterward the Judiciary Committee, to whom was referred the resolutions of the Maryland Legislature in favor of trying the President's title, reported that the Forty-fourth Congress having declared Hayes and Wheeler elected, "there is no power in any subsequent Congress to reverse that declaration, nor can any such power be exercised by the courts of the United States, or any other tribunal that Congress can create under the Constitution." This resolution was adopted by a vote of 234 to 14.—The River and Harbor Bill, with Senate amendments increasing the appropriations to $8,361,000, and also the Army Bill, passed both Houses, June 16. The reduction and reorganization of the army and the transfer of the Indian Bureau are referred to commissions. The paragraph in regard to the use of the army for the enforcement of the laws was slightly modified and retained in the bill.—The Senate, June 17, passed the bill to reorganize the Life-saving Service. The Senate Committee on Education and Labor was authorized to sit during the recess, and inquire into the causes of the depression in business, and the House appointed a select committee for the same purpose. The House passed the bill to amend the Internal Revenue laws. The tax on lucifer-matches was abolished, and the tax on tobacco was reduced one-third.—On the 18th, the Senate confirmed the nomination of Sumner J. Kimball, of Maine, as General Superintendent of the Life-saving Service.—The Sundry Civil Bill passed both Houses, June 19, with the Halifax Fishery Award of $5,500,000 included, making in all $24,750,100. The House passed the bill authorizing the payment of customs duties in legal tender notes after October 1. When the bill reached the Senate, objection was made to a second reading, and it went over. In the House, Mr. Ewing tried to get the bill passed substituting legal tenders for national bank notes, but he was defeated. The House refused to suspend the rules and pass the Pro Rata Railway Charges Bill. The House passed a joint resolution proposing a constitutional amendment forever prohibiting the payment of Southern war claims to disloyal persons, and also passed the Post Route Bill minus the Senate amendments relating to the classification of mail matter, the franking privilege, and the Brazilian Subsidy. The latter bill failed in the Senate. The Senate confirmed the nominations of Reuben E. Fenton, William S. Groesbeck, and Professor Walker as members of the Monetary Commission.—At seven o'clock on the morning of June 20 the first session of the Forty-fifth Congress was adjourned *sine die.*

A dispatch from Portland says that the latest returns from Oregon settle beyond doubt the election of Thayer, Democrat, for Governor, by a majority of from 40 to 70. The Legislature on joint ballot will have a Democratic majority of 12.

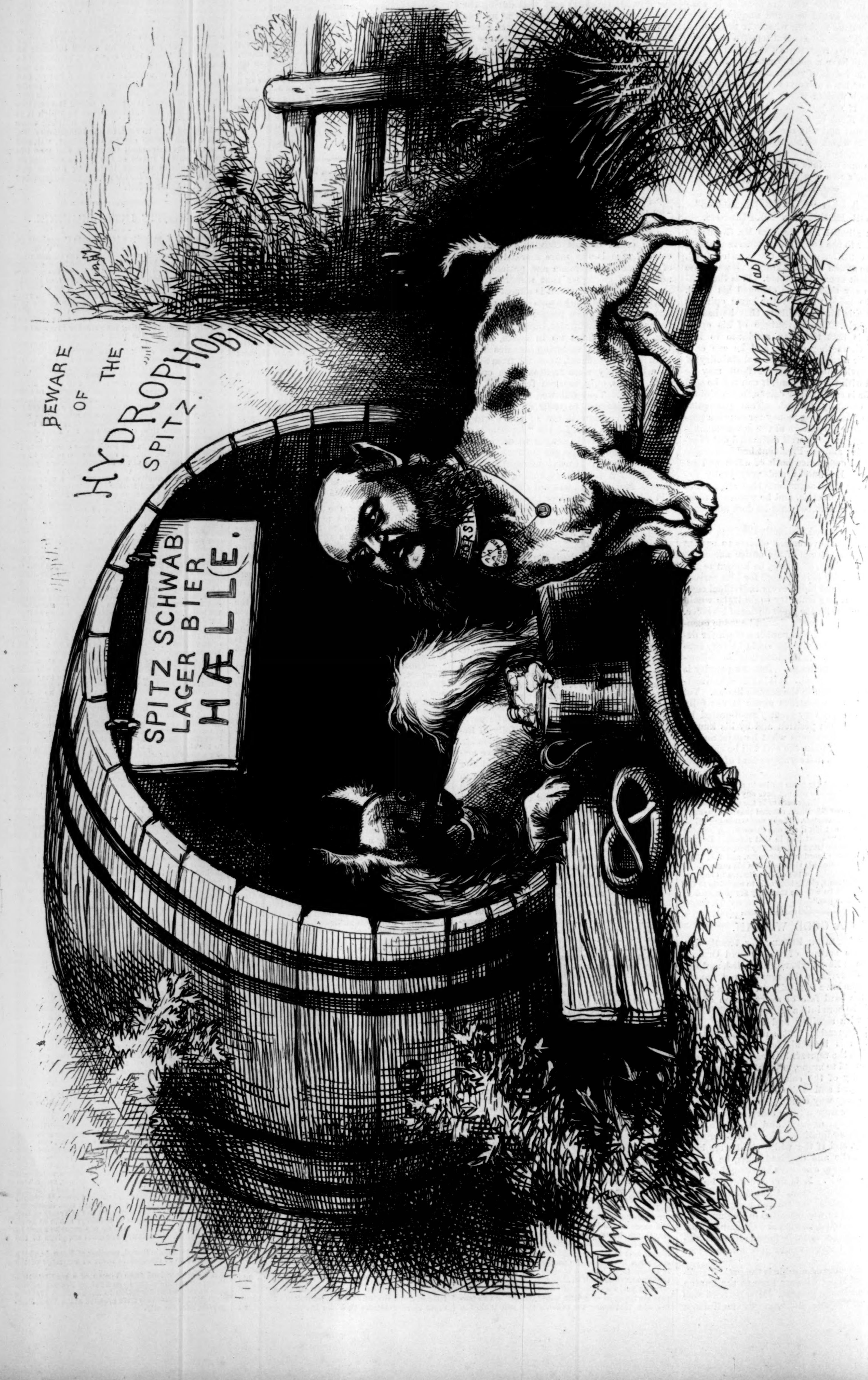
The Maine Democratic State Convention met at Portland, June 18, and nominated Alonzo Garcelon for Governor. The Iowa Republicans met at Des Moines on the 19th, and nominated State officers. The Vermont Democrats, on the 20th, nominated W. H. H. Bingham for Governor and J. W. Pierce for Lieutenant-Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

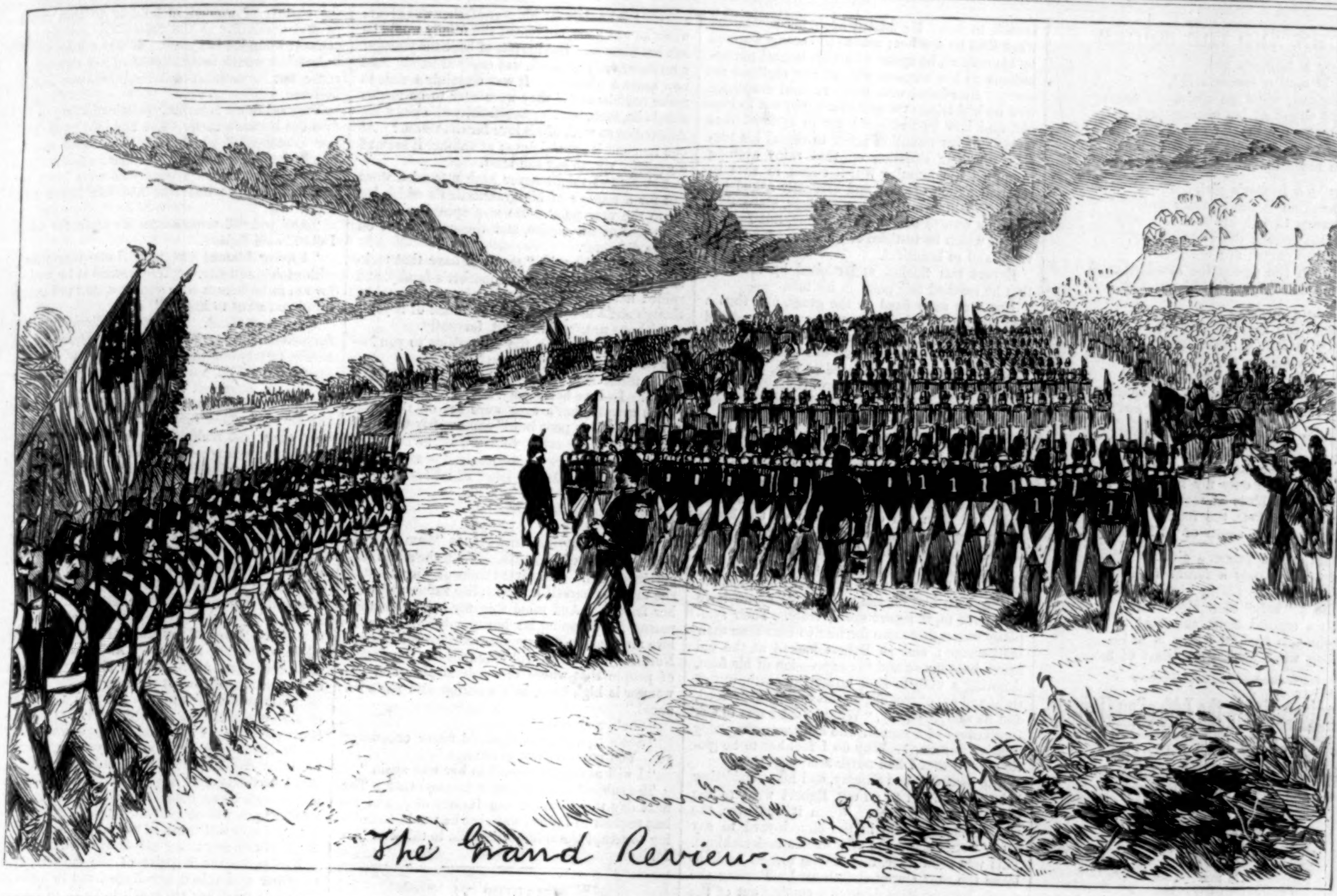
The Eastern Question: Dispatches from Berlin describing the opening of the European Congress, June 13, say that a large crowd assembled on the Wilhelmstrasse to see the plenipotentiaries alight. The first to arrive were the Italian ambassadors, Count Corti and Count de Launay, in grand uniforms, covered with gold-lace and embroidery. They were speedily followed by Count Andrassy, dressed as a Honved hussar, and Count Karolyi, conspicuous in the furred coat peculiar to the Hungarian magnate. Then came, attired in official garb, Prince Gortchakoff and Prince d'Oubril, General Heymerle, Count Schouvaloff, M. Waddington, the Marquis de Saint Vallier, and the German and British plenipotentiaries. On taking their places at the table, Prince Bismarck occupied the presidential chair in the centre, and the representatives of the other powers were seated in the following order: Austria on the right of Prince Bismarck; next to Austria, England; next to England, Russia; on the left of the president, France, Italy, and Turkey. Opposite the president were Prince Hohenlöhe and Count von Bülow, with Herr Radowitz, as secretary, on a smaller chair between them. After the introduction of the secretaries, Prince Bismarck solicited secrecy for the deliberations, and the members agreed to it, but no promise or oath was demanded, and it is probable that this question will be settled later on, or that each member of the Congress is to judge for himself what he should say or do. When the Congress re-assembled, on the 17th, the first business was to arrange a course of procedure for the debate, and it was agreed that the powers should speak in the following order, viz., Russia, England, Austria, France, Germany, Italy, and Turkey. Count Schouvaloff then briefly explained Russia's policy which led to the Treaty of San Stefano, and the Marquis of Salisbury spoke at great length in favor of the admission of Greece to a seat in the Congress. Conflicting accounts are given of the later proceedings.

The Old Catholic Synod, meeting at Bonn, has by a vote of 75 to 22 resolved in favor of marriage of the clergy.

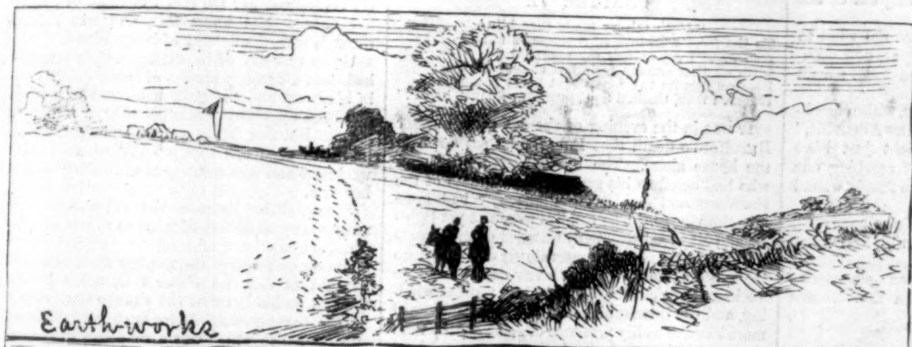
A report received from Vienna of a meditated attempt on the life of the Crown Prince Frederick William caused some sensation in Berlin, June 17. The next day 130 Socialists were arrested at the Tivoli Biergarten, near the city.


BEWARE OF THE HYDROPHOBIA SPITZ.
SPITZ SCHWAB LAGER BIER HÆLLE.
ERSH
I AM A REFORMED DOG
Th. Nast

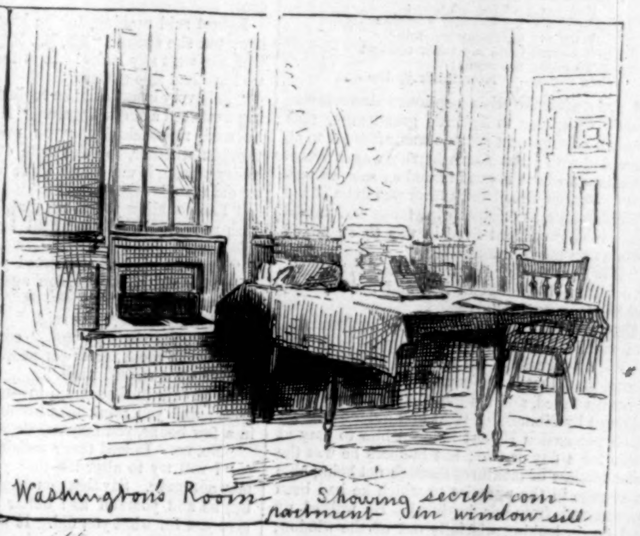
"ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES."—[NOT BY LANDSEER.]



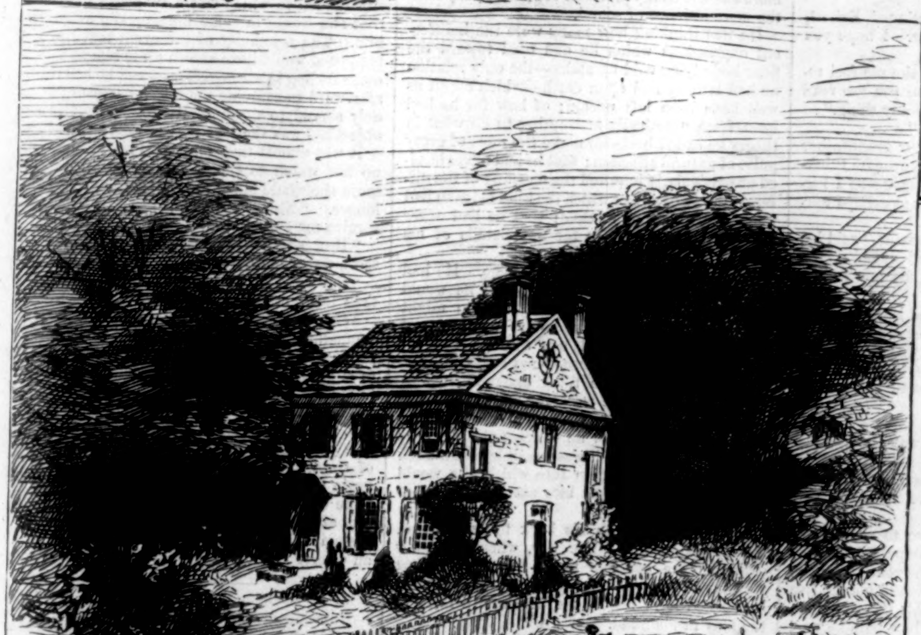
The Grand Review.



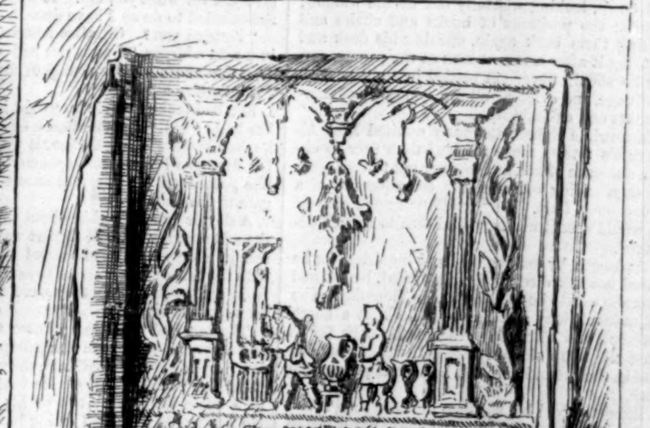
Earthworks



Washington's Room — Showing secret compartment in window sill



Washington's Headquarters — Valley Forge —



Old. German Casting formerly in the fireplace, Washington's Room

THE VALLEY FORGE CENTENNIAL.—[SEE DOUBLE PAGE.]

JOHN AND THE SQUIRE.

I AM only a farmer's girl,
John is only a farmer's lad,
But somehow, when we chance to meet,
The very sound of his coming feet
Can make my heart so glad
That up to my cheeks the warm blush flies,
And he reads his welcome in my eyes.

I am only a farmer's girl,
Master Tom is the Squire's son,
But, strange to tell, his feet this way
Turn often toward the close of day,
After the chores are done,
When John (he passes the meadow gate)
Gives me a scowl, and—will not wait.

I am only a farmer's girl,
So what can the Squire want of me?
My heart is John's; John knows it well;
But it isn't for me the truth to tell—
So bashful a lad is he!—
So the Squire may come and the Squire may go,
But all the answer he'll get is "no!"

The Squire praises my hair and eyes;
The Squire says I'm a lady born.
What care I for his foolish speech?
'Tis John's voice only my heart can teach
To sing like birds at morn.
But John is jealous, the foolish boy,
And my days are shorn of half their joy.

Oh, I am only a farmer's girl,
And John is only a farmer's lad,
But I'd rather be his in his humble life
Than be a "lady" as Squire's wife,
With a restless heart and sad!
But John—so bashful a boy is he!—
Is a long while asking my heart of me.

An Indiscretion in the Life of an Heiress.

By THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," ETC.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER V.

> "So I soberly laid my last plan
> To extinguish the man;
> Round his creep-hole, with never a break,
> Ran my fires for his sake;
> Overhead did my thunder combine
> With my under-ground mine,
> Till I looked from my labor content
> To enjoy the event;
> When sudden— How think ye the end?"

A WEEK after the crisis mentioned above, it was secretly whispered to Egbert's grandfather that the park enlargement scheme was, after all, to be proceeded with; that Miss Allenville was extremely anxious to have it put in hand as soon as possible. Farmer Broadford's farm was to be added to Greenman's, as originally intended, and the old house that Broadford lived in was to be pulled down as an incumbrance.

"It is she this time," murmured Egbert, gloomily. "Then I did offend her and mortify her, and she is resentful."

The excitement of his grandfather again caused him much alarm and even remorse. Such was the responsiveness of the farmer's physical to his mental state that in the course of a week his usual health failed, and his gloominess of mind was followed by dimness of sight and giddiness. By much persuasion Egbert induced him to stay at home for a day or two; but in-doors he was the most restless of creatures through not being able to engage in the pursuits to which he had been accustomed from his boyhood. He walked up and down, looking wistfully out of the window, shifting the positions of books and chairs and putting them back again, opening his desk and shutting it after a vacant look at the papers, saying he should never get settled in another farm at his age, and evincing all the symptoms of nervousness and excitability.

Meanwhile Egbert anxiously awaited Miss Allenville's return, more resolved than ever to obtain audience of her, and beg her not to visit upon an unoffending old man the consequences of a young one's folly. Any retaliation upon himself he would accept willingly, and own to be well deserved.

At length, by making off-hand inquiries (for he dared not ask directly for her again), he learned that she was to be at home on the Thursday. The following Friday and Saturday he kept a sharp look-out, and when lingering in the park for at least the tenth time in that half week, a sudden rise in the ground revealed her coming along the path.

Egbert stayed his advance in order that, if she really objected to see him, she might easily strike off into a side path or turn back.

She did not accept the alternatives, but came straight on to where he lingered, averting her face waywardly as she approached. When she was within a few steps of him he could see that the trimmings of her dress trembled like leaves. He cleared his dry throat to speak.

"Miss Allenville," he said, humbly taking off his hat, "I should be glad to say one word to you, if I may."

She looked at him for just one moment, but said nothing; and he could see that the expression of her face was flushed and her mood skittish. The place they were standing in was a remote nook, hidden by the trunks and boughs, so that he could afford to give her plenty of time, for there was no fear of their being observed or heard. Indeed, knowing that she often walked that way, Mayne had previously surveyed the spot, and thought it suitable for the occasion, much as Wellington antecedently surveyed the field of Waterloo.

Here the young man began his apologetic speech to her. He dilated upon his sensations when first he saw her; and as he became warmed by his oratory, he spoke of all his inmost perturbations on her account without the slightest reserve. He related with much natural eloquence how he had tried over and over again not to love her, and how he had loved her in spite of that trying; of his intention never to reveal his passion, till their situation on that rainy evening prompted the impulse which ended in that irreverent action of his; and earnestly asked her to forgive him, not for his feelings, since they were his own to commend or blame, but for the way in which he testified of them to one so cultivated and so beautiful.

Egbert was flushed and excited by the time that he reached this point in his tale.

Her eyes were fixed on the grass, and then a tear stole gently from its corner and wandered down her cheek. She tried to say something, but her usually adroit tongue was unequal to the task. Ultimately she glanced at him, and murmured, "I forgive you," but so inaudibly that he only recognized the words by their shape upon her lips.

She looked not much more than a child now, and Egbert thought with sadness that her tear and her words were perhaps but the result the one of a transitory sympathy, the other of a desire to escape. They stood silent for some seconds, and then the dressing bell of the house began ringing. Turning quickly away without another word, she hastened out of his sight.

When Mayne reached home some of his grandfather's old friends were gathered there, sympathizing with him on the removal he would have to submit to, if report spoke truly. Their sympathy was rather more for him to bear than their indifference; and as Egbert looked at the old man's bent figure and the expression of his face, denoting a wish to sink under the earth, out of sight and out of trouble, he was greatly depressed, and he said, inwardly, "What a fool I was to ask forgiveness of a woman who can torture my only relative like this! Why do I feel her to be glorious? O that I had never seen her!"

The next day was Sunday, and his grandfather being too unwell to go out, Egbert went to the evening service alone. When it was over, the rector detained him in the church-yard to say a few words about the next week's undertakings. This was soon done, and Mayne turned back to leave the now empty church-yard. Passing the porch, he saw Miss Allenville coming out of the door.

Egbert said nothing, for he knew not what to say; but she spoke: "Ah, Mr. Mayne, how beautiful the west sky looks! It is the finest sunset we have had this spring."

"It is very beautiful," he replied, without looking westward a single degree. "Miss Allenville," he said, reproachfully, "you might just have thought whether, for the sake of reaching one guilty person, it was worth while to deeply wound an old man."

"I do not allow you to say that," she answered, with proud quickness. "Still I will listen just this once."

"Are you glad you asserted your superiority to me by putting in motion again that scheme for turning him out?"

"I hardly know," she said.

"Well, we shall go now," continued Egbert, "and make room for newer people. I hope you forgive what caused it all."

"You talk in that strain to—make me feel regrets; and you think that because you are read in a few books, you may say or do any thing."

"No, no. Indeed that's unfair."

"I will try to alter it—that your grandfather may not leave. Say that you forgive me for thinking he and yourself had better leave—as I forgive you for what you did. It was perhaps narrow-minded to do as I have done."

"Forgive you? Oh, Miss Allenville," said he, in a wild whisper, "I wish you had sinned a hundred times as much, that I might show how readily I can forgive all."

She had looked as if she would have held out her hand; but, for some reason or other, directly he had spoken with emotion, it was not so well for him as when he had spoken to wound her. She passed on silently, and entered the private gate to the house.

A day or two after this, about three o'clock in the afternoon, and while Egbert was giving a lesson in geography, a lad rushed into the school with the tidings that Farmer Broadford had fallen from a corn-stack that they were threshing, and hurt himself severely.

The boy had borrowed a horse to come with, and Mayne at once made him gallop off for a doctor. Dismissing the children, the young man ran home full of forebodings. He found his relative in a chair, held up by two of his laboring-men. He was put to bed; and seeing how pale he was, Egbert gave him a little wine, and bathed the parts which had been bruised by the fall.

Egbert had at first been the more troubled at the event through believing that his grandfather's fall had been the result of his low spirits and mental uneasiness; and he blamed himself for letting so infirm a man go out upon the farm till he was quite recovered. But it turned out that the actual cause of the accident was the breaking of the ladder he had been standing upon. When the surgeon had seen him he said that the external bruises were mere trifles, but that the shock had been great, and had produced internal injuries highly dangerous to a man in that stage of life.

His grandson was of opinion in later years that the fall only hastened by a few months a dissolution which would soon have taken place, under any circumstances, from the natural decay of the old man's constitution. His pulse grew feeble and his voice weak, but he continued in a comparatively firm state of mind for some days, during which he talked to Egbert a great deal.

Egbert trusted that the illness would soon pass away. His anxiety for his grandfather was great: when he was gone, not one of the family would be left but himself. But in spite of hope the younger man perceived that death was really at hand. And now arose a question. It was certainly a time to make confidences if they were ever to be made: should he, then, tell his grandfather, who knew the Allenvilles so well, of his love for Geraldine? At one moment it seemed duty; at another it seemed a graceful act, to say the least.

Yet Egbert might never have uttered a word but for a remark of his grandfather's which led up to the very point. He was speaking of the farm and of the squire, and thence he went on to the daughter.

"She too," he said, "seems to have that reckless spirit which was in her mother's family, and ruined her mother's father at the gaming table, though she's too young to show much of it yet."

"I hope not," said Egbert, fervently.

"Why? What be the Allenvilles to you?—not that I wish the girl harm."

"I think she is the very best being in the world. I—love her deeply."

His grandfather's eyes were set on the wall. "Well, well, my poor boy!" came softly from his mouth. "What made ye think of loving her? Ye may as well love a mountain, for any return you'll ever get. Do she know of it?"

"She guesses it."

"And she checks ye?"

"Well—no."

"Egbert," he said, after a silence, "I am grieved, for it can but end in pain. Mind, she's an inexperienced girl. She never thinks of what trouble she may get herself into with her father and with her friends. And mind this, my lad, as another reason for dropping it: however honorable your love may be, you'll never get credit for your honor. Nothing you can do will ever root out the notion of people that where the man is poor and the woman is high-born, he's a scamp and she's an angel."

"She's very good."

"She's thoughtless, or she'd never encourage ye. You must try not to see her."

"I will never put myself in her way again."

The subject was mentioned no more then. The next day the worn-out old farmer died, and his last request to Egbert was that he would do nothing to tempt Geraldine Allenville to think of him further.

CHAPTER VI.

> "Hath misery made thee blind
> To the fond workings of a woman's mind?
> And must I say—albeit my heart rebel
> With all that woman feels but should not tell;
> Because despite thy faults that heart is moved—
> It feared thee, thank'd thee, pitied, madden'd, loved?"

IT was in the evening of the day after Farmer Broadford's death that Egbert first sat down in the house alone. The bandy-legged little man who had acted as his grandfather's groom of the chambers and stables simultaneously had gone into the village. The candles were not yet lighted, and Mayne abstractedly watched upon the pale wall the latter rays of sunset slowly changing into the white shine of a moon a few days old. The ancient family clock had stopped for want of winding, and the intense silence that prevailed seemed more like the bodily presence of some quality than the mere absence of sound.

He was thinking how many were the indifferent expressions which he had used toward the poor body lying cold up stairs—the only relation he had latterly had upon earth—which might as well have been left unsaid; of how far he had been from practically attempting to do what in theory he called best—to make the most of every pulse of natural affection; that he had never heeded or particularly inquired the meaning of the different pieces of advice which the kind old man had tendered from time to time; that he had never even thought of asking for any details of his grandfather's history.

His musings turned upon Geraldine. He had promised to seek her no more; and he would keep his promise. Her interest in him might only be that of an exceedingly romantic and freakish soul, awakened but through lack of other idleness, and because sound sense suggested to her that it was a thing dangerous to do; for it seemed that she was ever and only moved by the superior of two antagonistic forces. She had as yet seen little or no society; she was only seventeen; and hence it was possible that a week of the town and fashion into which she would soon be initiated might blot out his very existence from her memory.

He was sitting with his back to the window, meditating in this minor key, when a shadow darkened the opposite moon-lit wall. Egbert started. There was a gentle tap at the door, and he opened it to behold the well-known form of the lady in his mind.

"Egbert, are you alone?" she whispered, full of agitation.

"Quite alone, excepting my poor grandfather's body up stairs," he answered, as agitated as she.

Then out it all came. "I couldn't help coming. I hope—oh, I do so pray—that it was not through me that he died. Was it I indeed who killed him? They say it was the effect of the news that he was to leave the farm. I would not have done any thing tending to turn him out for all the world, had I only known. And now he is dead. It was so cruel to an old man like him; and now you have nobody in the world to care for you—have you, Egbert?—except me."

The ice was wholly broken. He took her hand in both his own, and began to assure her that her alarm was grounded on nothing whatever. And yet he was almost reluctant to assure her out of so sweet a state. And when he had said over and over again that his grandfather's fall had nothing to do with his mental condition, that the utmost result of her hasty proceeding was a sadness of spirit in him, she still persisted, as is the custom of women, in holding to that most painful possibility as the most likely simply because it wounded her most. It was a long while before she would be convinced of her own innocence, but he maintained it firmly, and she finally believed.

They sat down together, restraint having quite died out between them. The fine lady portion of her existence, of which there was never much, was in abeyance, and they spoke and acted simply as a young man and woman who were beset by common troubles, and who had like hopes and fears.

"And you will never blame me again for what I did?" said Egbert.

"I never blamed you much," she murmured, with arch simplicity. "Why should it be wrong for me to be honest with you now, and tell every thing you want to know?"

Mayne was silent. That was a difficult question for a conscientious man to answer. Here was he, nearly twenty-one years of age, and with some experience of life; while she was a girl nursed up like an exotic at home, with no experience, and but seventeen her last birthday, though from the fineness of her figure she looked more womanly than she really was. It plainly had not crossed the young mind that she was on the verge of committing the most horrible social sin—that of loving beneath her, and owning that she so loved. Two years thence she might see the imprudence of her conduct, and blame him for having led her on. Ought he not, then, considering his grandfather's words, to say that it was wrong for her to be honest; that she should forget him, and fix her mind on matters appertaining to her station? He could not. He let her drift sweetly on.

"I think more of you than of any body in the whole world," he replied. "And you will allow me to, will you not?—let me always keep you in my heart, and almost worship you?"

"That would be wrong. But you may think of me—if you like to very much; it will give me great pleasure. I don't think my papa thinks of me at all, or any body except you. I thought the other day I would never think of you again, but I have done it a good many times. It is all through being obliged to care for somebody whether you will or no."

"And you will think of me a little too?"

"I will do any thing to—oblige you."

Egbert, on the impulse of the moment, bent over her and raised her little hand to his lips. He reverenced her too much to think of kissing her cheek. She knew this, and was thrilled through with the delight of being adored.

Up to this day of its existence their affection had been a battle, a species of antagonism wherein his heart and the girl's had faced each other, and been anxious to do honor to their respective parts. But now it was a truce and a settlement, in which each one took up the other's utmost weakness and was careless of concealing his and her own.

Surely, sitting there as they sat then, a more unreasoning condition of mind as to how this unequal conjunction would end never existed. They swam along through the passing moments, not a thought of duty on either side, not a further thought on his but that she was the dayspring of his life, that he would die for her a hundred times, superadded to which was a shapeless uneasiness that she would in some manner slip away from him. The solemnity of the event that had just happened would have shown up to him an ungenerous feeling in strong colors—and he had reason afterward to examine the epoch narrowly; but it only served to demonstrate how instinctive and objectless was the love that worked within him.

It was almost time for her to leave. She held up her watch to the moonlight. Five minutes more she would stay; then three minutes, and no longer. "Now I am going," she said. "Do you forgive me entirely?"

"How shall I say yes without assuming that there was something to forgive?"

"Say yes. It is sweeter to fancy I am forgiven than to think I have not sinned."

With this she went to the door. Egbert accompanied her through the wood and across a portion of the park, till they were about a hundred yards from the house, when he was forced to bid her farewell.

The old man was buried on the following Sunday. During several weeks afterward Egbert's sole consolation under his loss was in thinking of Geraldine, for they did not meet in private again till some time had elapsed. The ultimate issue of this absorption in her did not concern him at all: it seemed to be in keeping with the system of his existence now that he should have an utterly inscrutable to-morrow.

CHAPTER VII.

> "Come forward, some great marshal, and organize equality in society."

THE month of August came round, and Miss Allenville was to lay the foundation-stone of a tower or beacon, which her father was about to erect, on the highest hill of his estate, to the memory of his brother the general. It was arranged that the school-children should sing at the ceremony, and accordingly, at the hour fixed, Egbert was on the spot; a crowd of villagers had also arrived, and carriages were visible in the distance wending their way toward the scene. When they drew up alongside and the visitors alighted, the master-mason appeared nervous.

"Mr. Mayne," he said to Egbert, "you had better do what's to be done for the lady. I shall speak too loud or too soft or handle things wrong. Do you attend upon her, and I'll lower the stone."

Several ladies and gentlemen now gathered round, and presently Miss Allenville stood in position for her office, supported on one side by her father—a hard-featured man of five-and-forty—and some friends who were visiting at the house, and on the other by the school-master and children, who began singing a song in keeping with the occasion. When this was done, Geraldine laid down the sealed bottle, with its inclosed memorandum, which had been prepared for the purpose, and taking a trowel from her father's hand, dabbled confusedly in the mortar, accidentally smearing it over the handle of the towel.

"Lower the stone," said Egbert, who stood close by, to the mason at the winch; and the stone began to descend.

The dainty-handed young woman was looking as if she would give any thing to be relieved of the dirty trowel; but Egbert, the only one who observed this, was guiding the stone with both hands into its place, and could not receive the tool from her. Every moment increased her perplexity.

"Take it, take it, will you?" she impatiently whispered to him, blushing with a consciousness that people began to perceive her awkward handling.

"I must finish this first," he said.

She was resigned in an instant. The stone settled down upon its base, when Egbert at once took the trowel, and her father came up and wiped her glove. Egbert then handed her the mallet.

"What must I do with this thing?" she whispered, entreatingly, holding the mallet as if it might bite her.

"Tap with it, madam," said he.

She did as directed, and murmured the form of words which she had been told to repeat.

"Thank you," she said, softly, when all was done, restored to herself by the consciousness that she had performed the last part gracefully. Without lifting her eyes, she added: "It was thoughtful of you to remember that I shouldn't know, and to stand by to tell me."

Her friends now moved away, but before she had joined them Egbert said, chiefly for the pleasure of speaking to her: "The tower, when it is built, will be seen many miles off."

"Yes," she replied, in a discreet tone—for many eyes were upon her—"the view is very extensive." She glanced round upon the whole landscape stretched out before her, in the extreme distance of which was visible the town of Westcombe. "How long does it take to go to Westcombe across this way?" she asked of him, while they were bringing up the carriage.

"About two hours," he said.

"Two hours! So long as that, does it? How far is it away?"

"Eight miles."

"Two hours to drive eight miles! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"I thought you meant walking."

"Ah, yes; but one hardly means walking without expressly stating it."

"Well, it seems just the other way to me—that walking is meant unless you say driving."

That was the whole of their conversation. The remarks had been simple and trivial, but they brought a similar thought into the minds of both of them. On her part it spread a gloom over her face, and it made him feel dead at heart. It was that horrid thought of their differing habits, and of those contrasting positions which could not be reconciled. Indeed, this perception of their disparity weighed more heavily upon him as the days went on. There was no doubt about their being lovers, though scarcely recognized by themselves as such; and, in spite of Geraldine's warm and unreflecting impulses, a sense of how little Egbert was accustomed to what is called society, and the polite forms which constant usage had made almost nature with her, would rise on occasion and rob her of many an otherwise pleasant hour. When any little occurrence had brought this into more prominence than usual, Egbert would go away, wander about the lanes, and be kept awake a great part of the night by the distress of mind such a recognition brought upon him. How their intimacy would end, in what uneasiness, yearning, and misery, he could not guess. As for picturing a future of happiness with her by his side, there was not ground enough upon which to rest the momentary imagination of it. Thus they mutually oppressed each other even while they loved.

In addition to this anxiety was another: What would be thought of their romance by her father if he were to find it out? It was impossible to tell him, for nothing could come of that but Egbert's dismissal and Geraldine's seclusion; and how could these be borne?

He looked round anxiously for some means of deliverance. There were two things to be thought of—the saving of her dignity, and the saving of his and her happiness. That to accomplish the first he ought voluntarily to leave the village before their attachment got known, and never seek her again, was what he sometimes felt, but the idea brought such misery along with it that it died out under contemplation.

He determined, at all events, to put the case clearly before her; to heroically set forth at their next meeting the true bearings of their position, which she plainly did not realize to the full as yet. It had never entered her mind that the link between them might be observed by the curious, and instantly talked of. Yes, it was his duty to warn her, even though by so doing he would be heaping coals of fire on his own head. For by acting upon his hint she would be lost to him, and the charm that lay in her false notions of the world be forever destroyed.

That they would ultimately be found out, and Geraldine be lowered in local estimation, was, indeed, almost inevitable. There was one atom of satisfaction only among this mass of distresses. Whatever should become public, only the fashionable side of her character could be depreciated; the woman, the specimen of English girlhood that he loved, no one could impugn or harm.

Meetings had latterly taken place between them without any pretense of accident, and these were facilitated in an amazing manner by the duty imposed upon her of visiting the school as the representative of her father. At her very next appearance he told her all he thought. It was when the children had left the room for the quarter of an hour's airing that he gave them in the middle of the morning. She was quite hurt at being treated with justice, and a crowd of tears came into her sorrowful eyes. She had never thought of half that he feared, and almost questioned his kindness in enlightening her.

"Perhaps you are right," she murmured, with the merest motion of lip. "Yes, it is sadly true. Should our conduct become known, nobody will judge us fairly. 'She was a wild, weak girl,' they will say."

"To care for such a man—a village youth. They will even suppress the fact that his father was a painter of no mean power, and a gentleman by education, little as it would redeem us; and will justify their doing so by reflecting that in adding to the contrast they improve the tale;

'And calumny meanwhile shall feed on us
As worms devour the dead; what we have done
None shall dare vouch, though it be truly known.'

And they will continue, 'He was an artful fellow, to win a girl's affections in that way—one of the mere scum of the earth,' they'll say."

"Don't, don't make it so bad!" she implored, weeping outright. "They can not go so far. Human nature is not so wicked and blind. And they *dare* not speak so disrespectfully of me or of any one I choose to favor." A slight haughtiness was apparent in these words. "But, oh! don't let us talk of it; it makes the time miserable."

However, she had been warned. But the difficulty which presented itself to her mind was, after all, but a small portion of the whole. Hers was, how should they meet together without causing a convulsion in neighboring society? His was more radical and complex. The only natural drift of love was toward marriage. But how could he picture at any length of years ahead her in a cottage as his wife, or himself in a mansion as her husband? He in the one case, she in the other, were alike painfully out of place.

But time had flown, and he conducted her to the door.

"Good-by, Egbert," she said, tenderly.

"Good-by, dear, dear madam," he answered, and she was gone.

Geraldine had never hinted to him to call her by her Christian name, and, finding that she did not particularly wish it, he did not care to do so. "Madam" was as good a name as any other for her, and by adhering to it and using it at the warmest moments it seemed to change its nature from that of a mere title to a soft pet sound. He often wondered, in after-days, at the strange condition of a girl's heart which could allow so much in reality and at the same time permit the existence of a little barrier such as that; how the keen, intelligent mind of woman could be ever so slightly hoodwinked by a sound. Yet perhaps it was woman-like after all, and she may have caught at it as the only straw within reach of that dignity or pride of birth which was drowning in her indiscreet affection.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY.

Sunday, 7.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 14.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 21.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 25.—St. James.
Sunday, 28.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

Dr. Charles Hodge, who has been identified with Princeton Seminary for more than half a century, died at his home, June 19, in the eighty-first year of his age. Of the leaders of Presbyterianism in the United States, he was *facile princeps*. His acquisitions were large and massive; his logic was always compact, his devotion to theology a life-long passion. During the protracted period of his activity he had occupied a position most favorable for culture, and he used his advantage well. A man of one pursuit, and only one, he was saved thereby from the error of dissipating his energies. All his faculties were employed in elucidating the system of orthodox and Calvinistic theology, which he accepted from the sincerest conviction. In his work on systematic divinity he has embodied the best results of his thinking during a long series of years.

He was born in Philadelphia, 1797, graduated at Princeton College in 1815, and at Princeton Seminary in 1819. In the year 1822 he was made full professor in the seminary; his first chair was that of Oriental and Biblical Literature; subsequently he became Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology. In 1825 he founded the *Biblical Repertory and Princeton Review*, which he edited till 1872. His writings have been numerous, and comprise a history of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, commentaries on the Epistles to the Romans, First and Second Corinthians, and Ephesians, and three volumes of systematic theology. His contributions to the *Princeton Review* were collected, and published in a large octavo. It is hardly necessary to add that during the separation of Presbyterianism into the Old and the New Schools, he was one of the chiefs of the Old School party, and that on all questions of politics and morals, as well as doctrine, he was strictly conservative.

The Voltaire Centennial Commemoration fell upon Ascension-day—a fact which intensified the opposition of the Catholic Church to the proceedings in his honor. The Pope sent on the appointed day a telegram to Cardinal Guibert at Paris in these words: "The Holy Father from the bottom of his heart sends a special blessing to all those who, responding to the initiative taken by your Eminence, have performed religious rites as a reparation for the impious demonstration held to-day." The government forbade out-of-door demonstrations. Victor Hugo delivered the eulogium on Voltaire in the Gaieté Théâtre; the more radical admirers of the great satirist's memory met in the American Circus, where, when the speaking was over, the company marched around Voltaire's statue, and saluted it as they passed. This was a red-cap demonstration. In the conflict of passions which the commemoration aroused, parties became inextricably mixed. Victor Hugo closed his eulogy by a plea for universal peace, the radicals paid ostentatious honor to the Revolution of '93, and the Church was naturally scandalized by what appeared to its leaders to be the apotheosis of impiety. No distinction appears to have been drawn between Voltaire's assaults upon the political evils of his time and his attacks upon the Christian faith.

The two chief Scotch Presbyterian Assemblies have met, and dispatched some perplexing questions with a close approach to unanimity. The Free Church Assembly reported its total income for the year to be £575,718, which is £10,523 more than the income of the year preceding. This total exceeds the contributions of the State Kirk by £200,000. The Sustentation Fund reached the large sum of £179,087. Of the proposed Church Extension Fund of £100,000 the sum of £84,000 has been raised. This Assembly declared itself again in favor of disestablishment in Scotland, and resolved to petition Parliament to that effect. The motion on this subject was carried by a vote of 404 to 134. In the State Church Assembly the statistics of liberality showed that the contributions for the year had reached £373,700. On a motion proposing to relax the terms of subscription required of ruling elders the vote stood 132 to 172. The Moderator of the Assembly, Dr. Tulloch, favored the motion.

The General Synod of the (Dutch) Reformed Church met this year in Utica, New York. A very pleasant incident of the session was a telegraphic dispatch conveying greetings to the Episcopal Diocesan Convention, sitting at Watertown, and the reply thereto. An important resolution was adopted authorizing the employment of evangelists in the Church, and granting to them a dispensation from the course of study required for ministerial candidates. A committee was appointed to consider the expediency of consolidating the Church boards. The next session of the Synod will be held in Newark, New Jersey.

The Reformed Episcopal Church is not likely to make progress in England without severe opposition. At the recent session of the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury the bishops of St. Albans, Chichester, and Llandaff called attention to the formation of Reformed Episcopal congregations in their dioceses. The Bishop of Chichester spoke with severity of the operations of Bishop Gregg at Littlehampton. A committee consisting of the bishops of Chichester, St. Albans, Lincoln, Gloucester and Bristol, and Winchester was appointed to consider and report upon the subject. It was also determined to bring Reformed Episcopalianism to the notice of the Pan-Anglican Council. It should be said, however, that a very spirited reply to the charges of the Bishop of Chichester has been published by a clergyman in the London *Guardian*.

The Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly opens August 3, and will occupy twenty days. The lectures range over Bible study, theology, linguistics, physics, and metaphysics so broadly that it is difficult to conceive how the hearers of them can carry away any distinct conceptions of the subjects treated. Dr. John Lord discourses upon "Cromwell" and "Burke;" Rev. Joseph Cook on the "Future Condition of Mankind;" Professor Bowne, of the Boston University, on the "Present Aspect of Materialism" and the "Relation of the Doctrine of Efficient Causes to Belief;" Mr. Edison on the "Phonograph;" and other men of note on equally high themes. And then there will be, says the *Assembly Herald*, "receptions, reunions, processions, colloquials, an alumni meeting, croquet, fire-works, balloon ascensions, stereopticon exhibitions, calisthenics, swings, rowing, fishing," and much more. It is a combination of elements not ordinarily attempted to be harmonized.

The conflict between the liberals and the ultramontanes of Belgium has been very bitter in the election of delegates to the Legislative Chambers. The ultramontanes aim at nothing short of the overthrow of the Constitution. "We hold," says one of their pamphlets, approved by a bishop, "with the Church, and as the Church does, that the principles resulting from the Constitution are false and subversive, that the separation of Church and state is an evil, and that the Constitution is radically bad." The priests, in the villages which they control, carry matters with a high hand. They suppress liberal journals, and in their own clerical papers decry the Constitution of the kingdom in unmeasured terms.

It is now practicable to record the conclusion of the almost interminable Scotch heresy cases. The Free Church Assembly, in the case of Professor Robertson Smith, condemned "the publishing of writings concerning the books of Scripture which, by their ill-considered setting forth of speculations of a critical kind, tend to awaken doubt." The Rev. Dr. Dods, who was charged with holding loose views of inspiration, was admonished. The committee of the United Presbyterian Synod appointed to confer with the Rev. Fergus Ferguson recommended that he be admonished "to present his doctrinal positions in such manner as to set forth their harmony with the fundamental doctrines" of the Church. The recommendation was adopted, and Mr. Ferguson was restored to the exercise of his ministerial functions. The judgment of the Synod was accepted by him very thankfully.

The text of the will of the late Pope Pius IX. has been printed in the *Popolo Romano*, and has been republished by the London *Times*. It is a document in which simplicity, weakness, and integrity are curiously commingled. His hereditary estates in Senigaglia are devoted by him to the House of Refuge and Gymnasium of that town. Both in the will itself and in several codicils he bequeaths "the conspicuous sums, values, and credits derived from the obolo of St. Peter and from the oblations of the faithful of all nations....to the Holy See, and to the free disposal of the Supreme Pontiff for the time being." But the character of Pius IX. appears more distinctly in his disposal of sacred relics. A silver reliquary "inclosing the wood of the true cross" goes to the Vatican Basilica; another reliquary, also inclosing the wood of the true cross, is bestowed upon the Cathedral of Spoleto. A relic of the "holy thorn" is consigned to a church in the city of Rome. It seems incredible that the mind of the head of the Church should have been in bondage to the fables which support the tradition of the genuineness of these relics. A crucifix is willed to that model of saintliness Isabella, the ex-Queen of Spain. As to his body, Pius directs that "it shall be buried in the Church of St. Lorenzo, and *precisely under the little arch standing against the so-called gridiron, or stone on which may still be traced the marks caused by the martyrdom of that illustrious Levite.*"

The stream of English benevolence, large as it is, grows larger each year. The *Rock* compiles a statement of the receipts of the charitable societies centred in London, comparing the past year with the year preceding. Some of these have already been noticed singly. The receipts of the year before last are put in parentheses: Church Missionary Society, £207,053 (£175,993); British and Foreign Bible Society, £212,303 (£207,000); Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, £99,565 (£104,607); Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, £148,438 (£136,906); Religious Tract Society, £148,557; London City Mission, £51,958 (£45,450). There are many others, and generally they show an increase of revenue.

Lord Penzance having, as already announced, sentenced Mr. Mackonochie, the rector of St. Albans, London, to a three years' deprivation of his benefice, Mr. Mackonochie has shown that he means to pay no attention to the sentence. According to the history of the case given by the judge in rendering his decision, the rector of St. Albans has been known as an offender for ten years. He was admonished in 1868, and escaped farther penalty by making affidavit that he had disobeyed without culpable intention. In 1870 he was suspended for three months by the Privy Council. He was again charged with having broken the law in 1873 and 1875, and was suspended for six months. Mr. Mackonochie continues his services as heretofore, and has in so doing the support of the English Church Union. The effort to put down ritualism by civil penalties has failed, and will fail. In a free Church a minister who teaches what are considered erroneous doctrines is dismissed and thrown upon his own resources. But this simple remedy seems to be beyond the reach of the English Establishment.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

On the death of Lord Kennet, in 1786, Sir William Nairne was raised to the bench under the title of Lord Dunsinnan—a circumstance which called forth a *bon-mot* from the Duchess of Gordon. Her grace, happening to meet his lordship shortly after his elevation, inquired what title he had assumed. "Dunsinnan," was, of course, the reply. "I am astonished at that, my lord," said the duchess, "for I never knew that you had begun sinning."

It takes less time to get over one's own misfortune than to be reconciled to a neighbor's good fortune.

Every dove has a cote, and every dog pants.

Before and After.—A dreamy writer says it would be curious to follow a pound of silk from its spinning until it becomes a lady's dress. No doubt; but most men would prefer to follow it after it becomes a dress, and while the lady was in it.

Annual flowering plants resemble whales, as they come up to blow.

A young girl asked her mother's consent to engage herself to her beau, showing her at the same time a piece of her own handiwork, a pretty match safe. Her mother drew down her spectacles and exclaimed: "Mary, you can make a match safe, but I have my doubts whether you would make a safe match." Mary sighed involuntarily, and sought consolation in singing "The Heart Bowed Down."

The young man who took a seat near the object of his adoration exclaimed, "This is juxtaposition that suits me!"

A good Conductor.—As two ladies were walking along the street, one exclaimed, as the sky suddenly darkened: "There's a thunder-storm coming on. I'm so afraid of lightning!" To which the other calmly replied: "Very well, my dear; then let us step into this car, which seems to have a good conductor."

"Miss Green is a regular blue,
  Miss Scarlet looks pale as a lily,
Miss Violet ne'er shrinks from view,
  And Miss Wiseman thinks all the men silly;
Miss Wright she is constantly wrong,
  Miss Tickell, alas! is not funny,
Miss Singer ne'er warbled a song,
  And in truth poor Miss Cash has no money;
Miss Knight is now changed into Day,
  And Miss Day will soon marry a knight,
Miss Prudence has just run away,
  And Miss Steady assisted her flight.
But success to the fair, one and all,
  No miss-apprehension be making—
Though wrong the dear sex to miss-call,
  There's no harm, let us hope, in miss-taking."

An Illinois man, with a foresight worthy of a better cause, popped the question on a railroad train, and now the maiden is at a loss to decide as to which county she had better commence proceedings in for a breach of promise.

When a boy bats a ball through a parlor window, the boy may not lose his inning, but the man who owns the window is invariably put out.

"The nearest I ever came to cannibalism," said old Lord George Bentinck, "was when I swallowed a little London porter."

When a rider is thrown over a horse's head, the horse becomes the power behind the thrown.

No bird is actually on the wing. The wings are on the bird.

He was an entire stranger to the girls present, and the boys were mean and would not introduce him. He finally plucked up courage, and stepping up to a young lady, requested the pleasure of her company for the next dance. She looked at him in surprise, and informed him that she had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. "Well," remarked Cazenovia, "you don't take any more chances than I do."

THE GERMAN IRON-CLADS.

THE fearful marine disaster depicted in the accompanying engraving took place on the morning of the 31st of May. Two days before, three immense iron-clad vessels, the *Grosser Kurfürst*, the *König Wilhelm*, and the *Preussen*, belonging to the German navy, took their departure from Wilhelmshaven, intending to stop at Portsmouth, and finally proceed to Gibraltar and the Mediterranean. Passing Dover, in the British Channel, at 8.45 A.M. on the date mentioned, the ships proceeded quietly onward until, an hour later, they reached Sandgate—a point half-way between Folkestone and Calais. The *Grosser Kurfürst* was within less than two ships' length of the *König Wilhelm*, bearing slightly abaft the beam. This was her nominal bearing and distance; but in reality she was even nearer, and probably not more than one length intervened between the two ships. In this formation the German squadron came across two sailing vessels hauled to the wind on the port tack, and consequently standing across the bows of both divisions. The *Grosser Kurfürst* had first to give way, which she did at the proper time, and strictly in accordance with the rule of the road, porting her helm, and passing under the stern of the first of these two merchantmen. But the *König Wilhelm*, which was close to the *Grosser Kurfürst* at this time, and steering a course parallel to her, endeavored at first to cross the bows of the merchant vessel, but finding she had no room for this manœuvre, rapidly changed her course, and putting her helm hard a-port, also stood under the stern of the merchant bark. Meanwhile the *Grosser Kurfürst* had resumed her original course, and was thus lying right across the bows of the *König Wilhelm* as she came under the stern of the sailing bark, almost at right angles to the original course. At this critical moment the two iron-clads were in dangerous proximity to one another, and it became an impossibility for either the one or the other to sheer out of the way. The captain of the *Grosser Kurfürst*, seeing the terrible proximity of the *König Wilhelm*, immediately put his vessel at full speed, hoping to cross her bows, but the space would not allow it. He then gave the order to port his helm, hoping to lay his ship parallel to the course of the *König Wilhelm*; but unfortunately for this, also, there was neither time nor space, and the only effect of the helm must have been that the stem of the *Grosser Kurfürst*, swinging rapidly toward the approaching danger, must have contributed to the force of the shock.

The officer in charge of the *König Wilhelm* had given the order to port the helm to sheer clear of the sailing vessel. He immediately ordered the helm to be steadied when he saw his vessel clear, with the intention of ranging up alongside the *Grosser Kurfürst* in their former position. But the helmsman was bewildered, and instead of steadying the helm and putting it to starboard, gave her still more port helm. The *König Wilhelm's* officer, seeing the inevitable collision before him, promptly gave the order to reverse the engines; and it is said that the engines were actually going full speed astern at the moment of the collision. But it is not in the power of engines to stop a ponderous vessel, weighing some 9000 tons and gliding at the speed of ten knots through smooth water, in so short a space. The *Grosser Kurfürst* was going nine or ten knots, and the *König Wilhelm* at least five or six. The actual shock was very slightly felt on board the *König Wilhelm*, though it did great damage to her bows. The shock on board the *Grosser Kurfürst* was felt far more. The ship lurched heavily on the opposite side, while a crushing and tearing sound filled the air as the stem of the *König Wilhelm* sheered away every thing from the point where she struck to the stern, ripping off the armor plating like the skin of an orange. The blow came at an angle variously described as somewhere between a right angle and an angle of forty-five, and caught the *Grosser Kurfürst* between the main and mizzen masts. The *Grosser Kurfürst*, from the speed she had attained, was barely checked in her course by the collision, but grated past the stem of the *König Wilhelm*, leaving a vast gap in her side. The bowsprit of the *König Wilhelm* fouled her rigging and brought down the mizzen-top-gallant-mast on the quarter-deck. The quarter boats were swept away, and the doomed ship first staggered over on the opposite side from the force of the blow, and then reeled back, when the sea rushed into the great hole in her side. Below water all must have been destroyed, for the ram of the *König Wilhelm* gives deadly indication, by the injuries it has received, of the work it did underneath.

On board the *Grosser Kurfürst* there was little or no time for any thing. The boats on one side were smashed, and those on the other could hardly be got into the water; as the ship was lying on one side, and the other side being uppermost, the boats merely lay on the bottom or side of the ship. The hammocks had unfortunately been stowed in some unusual place between the boom-boats, as the nettings were being cleared out; so that it was useless to attempt to get them out, and thus a means of escape was withheld from many poor fellows who were drowned. The ship for a very few minutes swung round and made a circle inshore, and lay with her deck exposed to the view of the people on the beach at Sandgate. It appears to have been the intention of the captain to beach his ship immediately, but this was impossible, even at the high rate of speed at which he was going. The water poured down the stoke-hole, the steam from the condenser escaped, the stokers were driven up the hatches, and some few escaped up the steps which led up

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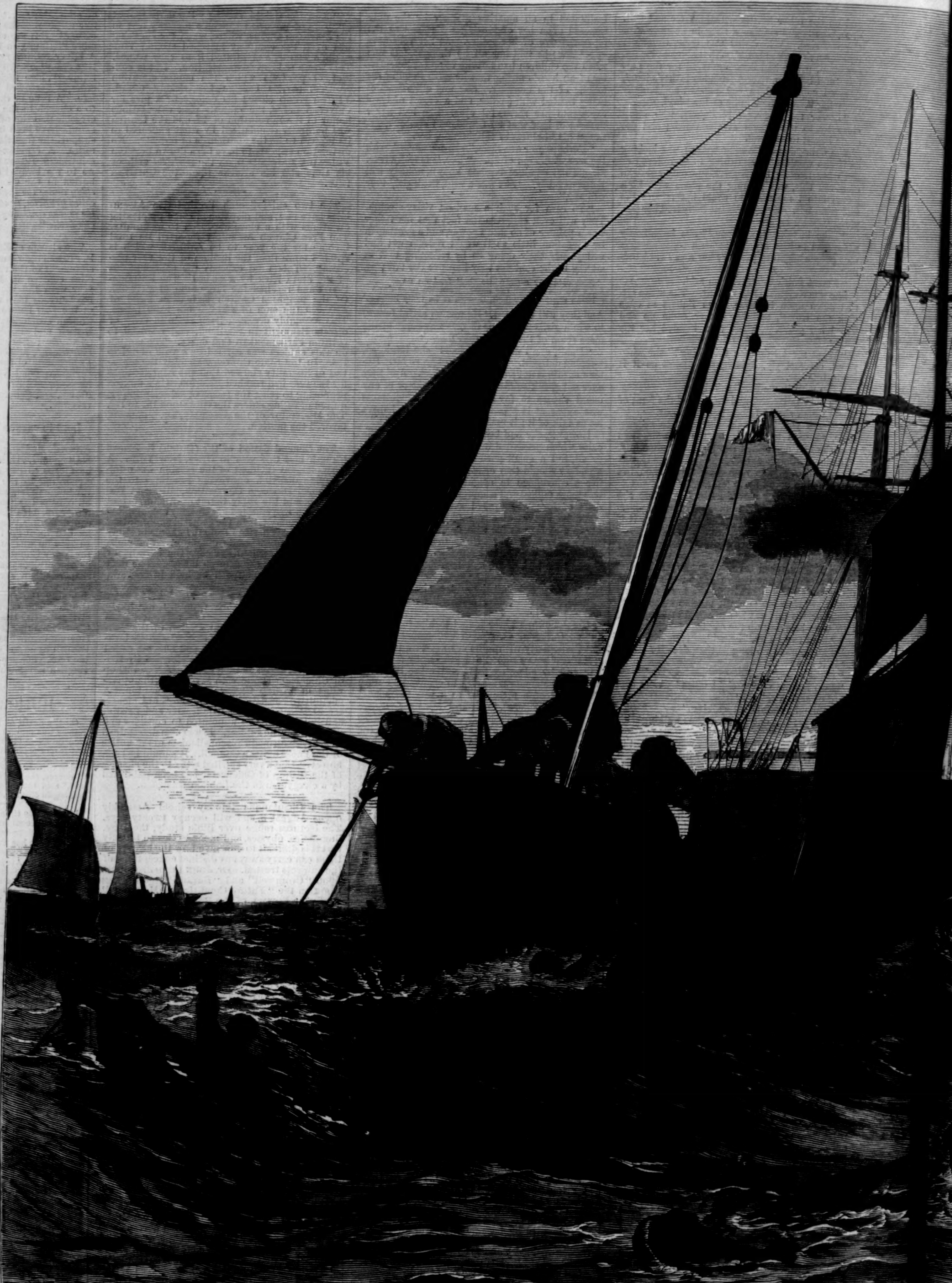
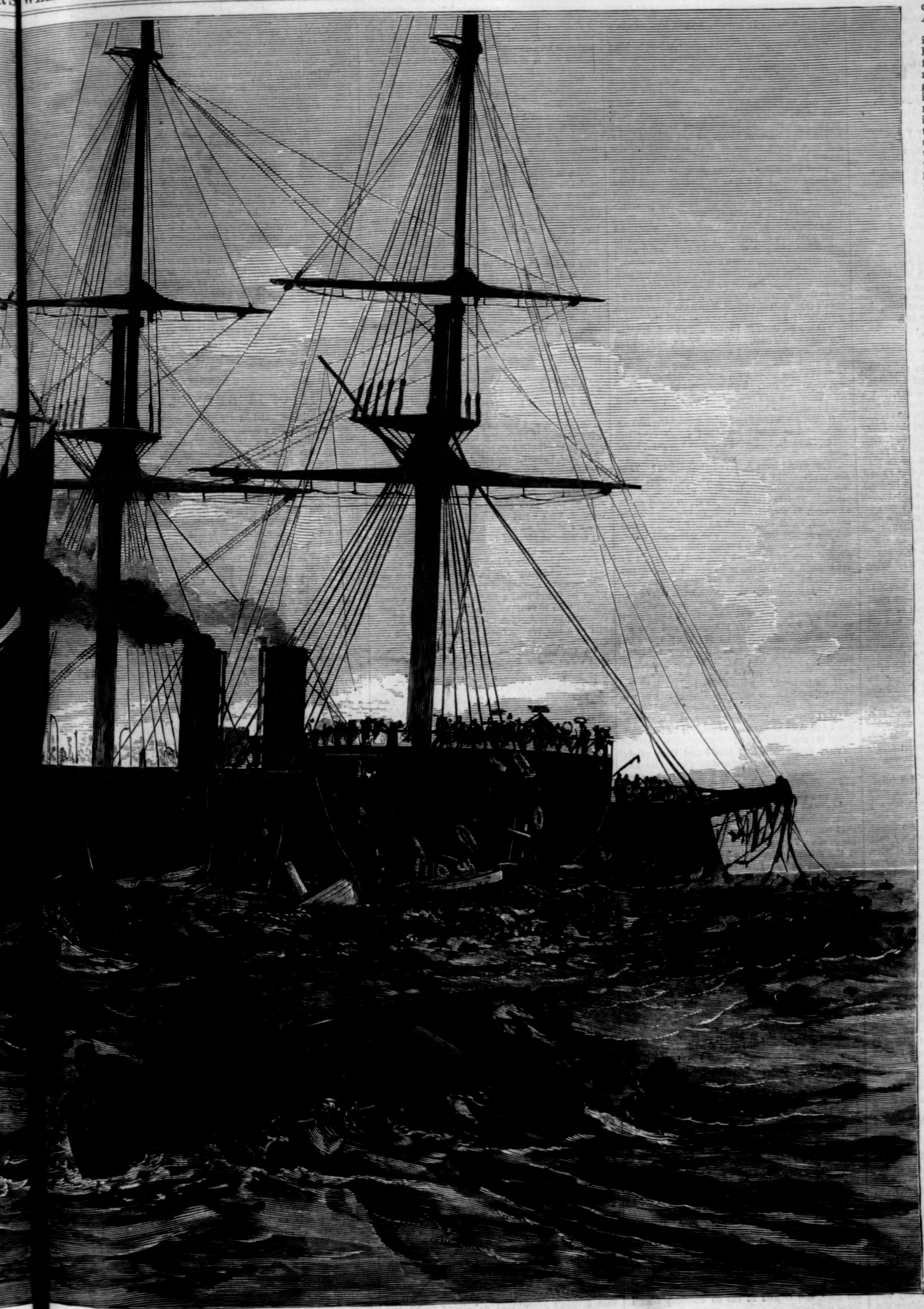


THE COLLISION OFF FOLKESTONE, ENGLAND, BETWEEN TWO GERMAN IRON ADS—



IRON ADS—RESCUE OF SURVIVORS FROM THE TURRET-SHIP "GROSSER KURFÜRST."

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ed. The first lieutenant says that he felt himself sucked in and a sensation of enormous pressure on his ribs, as if the water was forcing him down. Then he appeared to come across another column of water which vomited him up to the surface, where he caught hold of a spar and saved his life. The captain also went down, but came up again and was saved. The officer of the watch was drowned. There were some thirty of the sailors who, in spite of the commands and entreaties of the boatswain, standing on the forecastle, threw themselves over the bows and endeavored to swim away. But the ship was sinking too fast for them, and they were caught in the netting which is stretched under the jib-boom, and, thus entangled, were carried down with the ship. The whole number who perished was 284; there were 216 picked up, including twenty-three officers, while six officers lost their lives.

Through this disaster the German navy loses one of its most important iron-clads. The *Grosser Kurfürst* (Great Elector) was a magnificent vessel, and occupied six years in building. From the beginning she has belonged to Germany, her keel having been laid in the great navy-yard at Wilhelmshaven in the month of December, 1869. She was launched on the 17th of September, 1875. Her cost is estimated at $950,000. The *König Wilhelm* (King William) was originally intended for a Turkish vessel. She was designed by the constructor of the British navy. While still incomplete she was transferred to the Prussian government, and her launch took place at Blackwall, on the Thames, on the 25th of April, 1868.

The *König Wilhelm* is 365 feet in length, 60 feet in breadth, and has a draught of water of 26 feet, with a tonnage displacement of 9600 tons. She has engines of 1150 nominal and 8300 indicated horse-power, by **Maudslay & Co.** She has armor 10 inches thick, and carries an extremely powerful battery, consisting of eighteen 14½-ton guns upon the main-deck, and five 9-ton guns upon the upper deck. She is a rigged ship, with a most formidable ram bow. It will be seen from these particulars that the *König Wilhelm* is one of the most powerful sea-going ships in the world.

The dimensions of the *Grosser Kurfürst* were as follows: Length between perpendiculars, 307 feet; extreme breadth, 52 feet; depth in hold, 23 feet; her draught was 24 feet, and her extreme displacement 6663 tons. The hull was divided by transverse bulk-heads into twelve water-tight compartments. She carried four 10-inch Krupp rifled guns in her turrets, and a couple of 6¾-inch Krupp guns on her deck. The thickness of her armor was 9 inches at the water-line and 7 inches on the sides, while the iron walls of her turrets were 10 inches in thickness. The backing varied from 10 inches at the water-belt to a foot on the sides. The nominal horse-power of her engines was 850. The commander of the *Grosser Kurfürst* was Captain Count **Montz**, who formerly served in the British Royal Navy. The total complement of officers and men belonging to this unfortunate ship was 500, but three had been left behind at Wilhelmshaven.

The fate of the *Grosser Kurfürst* is a fearful reminder of the dangers connected with vessels of the modern type. If such things can happen with no hostile design of the one vessel against the other, what can we expect when the effort to destroy is made in grim earnest, and when one ship of this kind is propelled against another with the utmost force of which it is capable? Our old wooden vessels were not thus fatal to each other. They came into collision from time to time, but managed to get off more easily—with a broken bowsprit, perhaps, and with crushed bulwarks, but with their floating power unimpaired. An iron-clad is at once a heavier and a more unelastic machine. The shock caused by a blow inflicted upon another vessel seems little less than irresistible. Great speed even is unnecessary to accomplish the result. The weight of the vessel makes up for the want of velocity, and the momentum of the blow is tremendous. Battles by land, it is well understood, have become less rather than more bloody by each improvement that has been made in the weapons of destruction; but certainly our losses by sea have only increased with the introduction of the weighty and unwieldy iron-clad.

VALLEY FORGE.

The celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the evacuation of Valley Forge by the Revolutionary army after the severe winter of 1777–78 took place on the 19th of June. It was a great success. Between thirty and forty thousand people were present on the grounds. The site of the old camp is one of the loveliest spots in the State; and looking on the softly rounded hills, bright with the fresh verdure of June, it was difficult to clothe them in imagination with snow, and people them with the half-frozen, half-starved heroes of a hundred years ago.

The commemorative services were conducted under the direction of the Valley Forge Centennial Association. They began at sunrise with a Federal salute, and continued through the entire day. A tent had been provided, capable of accommodating ten thousand people, and the principal services were held beneath its shelter. There was a religious service at nine o'clock in the morning, after which there was a fine military review. As many as could gain admission then crowded into the spacious tent to listen to an interesting historical address by Colonel **Theodore W. Bean**, an oration by **Henry Armitt Brown**, and two commemorative poems. Colonel Bean's address was a graphic sketch of the privations and hardships which the patriot army endured with so much heroism during the memorable winter it was encamped there.

Our illustrations on page 529 give a view of the old house which served as Washington's head-quarters during the winter, and a sketch of the military review at the recent celebration.

THE BEST OF ALL.

I love my love because she is so fair:
Her eyes are like two stars, her flowing hair
Like braided sunshine, and her small fleet feet
Keep time with my true heart like music sweet.

I love my love because she is so wise:
Her soul sits calm and thoughtful in her eyes;
No passion stirs her; she is still and calm
As in the tropic noon the quiet palm.

I love my love for that she is so good:
No human heart hath fully understood
Her gentle ways, her happy, hopeful face,
Bright with the light of some sweet holy place.

I love my love, the fourth sang, glad and free—
I love my love because that she loves me:
This is enough to make me proud and blest,
I love my love because *she loves me best.*

WHO KNOWS?

The birds made such a racket in the honeysuckle vine outside my window that I couldn't sleep. The moon was still in the sky, but a veiled yet luminous splendor in the east told that the day was breaking—the day of June that began my twenty-seventh year. When I say that I was a woman, and add that I was unmarried, and, worst of all, that I had lost for good the requisite energy that held forth any promise in that direction, it will naturally be thought that I shall make but a sorry heroine; and it is just because of these discouraging facts that I want to jot down this little experience of a day, as a sort of consolation to that suffering part of my sex who have latent hopes, long lingering, unfulfilled, at times at the last gasp, then flickering up again with a sickly tenacity most painful to contemplate. But who knows what a day may bring forth? Who knows?

I went about on tiptoe, not to awaken mamma; and I took it as a piece of ingratitude that when she came down to breakfast, and began to enjoy the toast I had so nicely browned for her, and the egg I had so nicely poached for her, and to sniff the fragrance of a bunch of honeysuckles that I had scrambled for at the risk of a sprained ankle and the cost of a shower of morning dew upon my clean calico—I thought it mean of mamma to begin about that church festival before the day had fairly begun.

"I'm so glad it's fine weather, Jane," said mamma, with great urbanity of tone and manner. "I thought I'd get up early, so that you could reach the church in good season; and I wouldn't waste any flowers in the house, dear—I'd keep them all for your table."

"You know very well, mamma," I replied, "that I'm not going to have a table. I've served my apprenticeship at tables. Long ago, when I was young and fair, I wore white, with my hair curling about my shoulders, and had the flower table, and enjoyed it. Later on, I put my hair up, and had a fancy table, and endured it with great resignation. Last year I had recourse to a switch to eke out my scanty locks, and was compelled reluctantly to take the post-office. This year I sha'n't have any thing; in fact, mamma, I'm not going to the festival."

Mamma put down her bit of toast, and turned absolutely pale.

"Not going to the festival!" she echoed, mournfully.

"No, mamma," I said, beginning already to plead my case. "Can't I have one birthday to myself? I'm twenty-seven years old to-day."

"Oh, hush, Jane," said my poor mother. "You scream so, the Hunters next door will hear you, and blurt it all over the place. I'm not deaf. If you choose to give up all chance of—of society, and neglect your Christian duties, and refuse to help the church along, why, of course, I have nothing to say, only I must in that case go myself."

"You!" I cried. "You'll be sick for a month afterward; you haven't been able to do any thing of that kind for years."

"I know it, Jane; but if you refuse to do these things, I must. I know I shall be prostrated with the heat, and my nerves will be shattered, and you are young and strong, and still attractive enough to compete with any young lady in the place, and might, I verily believe, if you were not so obstinate and headstrong, be surrounded and admired as you used to be, and you might, for my sake, Jane, at least attend these little entertainments."

Mamma put her handkerchief to her eyes, and I yielded; I groaned in flesh and in spirit, but I yielded. After I had tidied up the work, and settled mamma in the cool shady sitting-room, upon her favorite lounge, with a nice book at her hand, and a palm-leaf fan close by—for the day was growing hot—I twisted up my hair before the glass, with many a sour mocking grimace at the dark, thin, discontented face therein, put on an ugly brown linen dress, a calabash of a hat, and went off to the church.

My mother looked after me with such misery in her face that I called back to her I would wear something nice in the evening.

"Will you wear your rose-colored crape?" pleaded mamma.

"Will I wear spangles, and jump through a hoop?" I said. "No, mamma; I'll wear my black silk."

"And curl your hair?" she coaxed.

"There's a whole switch already curled for me up in my bureau drawer," I replied. "It's nice this hot weather to have very little hair of one's own!"

"Don't scream so!" said poor mother, looking toward the Hunters' side windows.

As if the Hunters didn't know all about my failing charms, and no doubt took an inventory of them half yearly to send abroad to the eldest son, who had been away in China these five years and more, and would likely never come back again. At least he had written to me to that effect when he went away. I had the old letter yet in a secret recess of that same old bureau where lay the convenient switch of hair.

Time was when I needed no curls shorn from maidens across the seas or manufactured from home material. I had plenty of my own. Jack Hunter cut one of them off with his penknife that night when we parted.

"I don't know," he said, savagely, "whether I most hate you or love you; but I'll keep this to remember the girl who flirted and fooled away the truest affection a man ever had for a woman."

He hacked the curl from my head with his penknife, and looked at me as if he was half tempted to do me further butchery; and God knows I didn't care then if he had drawn the knife across my throat; I should not have resisted him.

"Don't go, Jack!" I cried out at last, holding the edge of his coat. "Don't go, anyway, so far as China; if you do, I shall commence to dig a hole when you get there. They say that China is right under us, and I'll begin with a little pick and shovel as soon as we get news of your arrival. Then you can begin on your side, and we'll meet each other half-way."

He flung me from him with something like an oath. "You would joke and laugh over my grave," he said, and went away, not to come back again.

Who would have believed it possible? That the years could come and go, the sweet summers bloom and fade, the heart of the roses lose strength and fail and fall away, to come again as sweet, as strong, as fresh as ever, and Jack, *my* Jack, never come back to me? Yet he was not dead—nor wed. That was one good thing. And he was out there among those women with narrow eyes and stinted feet, and he didn't as yet know a word of the language. He was growing fat, he wrote home to his people next door, and bald, which didn't matter on the top of his head so long as he could keep enough to cultivate a pigtail. This was necessary, as he meant to set up for a Chinese mandarin, and was already embroidering a gown for the purpose on spare nights. And I felt, when they read me the letter, that it was Jack's turn now to make merry, when other hearts were sick and sad.

If he had only sent me one little line! He showered gifts upon other people—chests of tea and parcels of silk, lovely bits of decorated china, big soft beautiful shawls of crape. He sent gewgaws and gold to so many others: if he had only given me one little word!

They must have told him I had been sorely punished; that my mischievous gayety he had whiffed out like the flame of a candle; that even the beauty of which he had been so proud and fond was gone—every bit of it gone. Sleepless nights and useless repinings, long wearisome days, endless years filled with wild yearning for that which seemed forever hopeless, had robbed me of all. The old bloom of the heart took with it the crimson cheek, the laughing eye, and the light, elastic step. Even my hair fell out. Alas! poor me, the flesh fell from my bones. As I hinted before, it was not a very alluring object that greeted me in the glass on the morning of my twenty-seventh birthday. "Aroint thee, witch!" I cried, and wiped away with the hand-towel some salt tears that fell upon the dimity bureau cover, and upon the grave of sad, sweet memories. Then I put on my ugly brown dress, and the hideous bonnet to match, and went off to the church, pausing at the portal to look longingly over at the cool, quiet graves of some of our old neighbors. A soft wind stirred the long grass there; a few birds hopped lightly and fearlessly about.

> "How calmly, calmly smile the dead
> Who do not therefore grieve!"

"The Yea of heaven is Yea," I said, and went on into the church, where the ladies were grouped around the strawberries that had just arrived. I took possession of a whole crate of these, sending the young and pretty maidens home to recruit for the evening.

There were a few faint, polite remonstrances when I declined to take any active part in the evening's entertainment. "We must leave that part to the young and attractive," I said, and there was a general buzz of acquiescence. I had the consolation of hearing several remarks upon my extraordinary good sense and practical capability.

I was graciously allowed, after I had hulled a whole crate of strawberries, to hold a step-ladder and some nails for Mrs. Smith, the apothecary's wife, while she hung some gorgeous drapery, and otherwise deformed the cool gray walls of our little chapel, so that I was pretty well tired when I went home at night-fall. Mamma met me at the gate, and looked at me so dolefully that I burst out laughing.

"Never mind, mamma," I said; "I won't look so cadaverous after I'm rested and dressed for the evening."

But I'm afraid I was rather a painful object for the gaze of a doting and once ambitious mother even when I had donned my black silk, and was ready for the evening. My hair was neither crimped nor curled. You see, I had depended upon the switch, which was bought for purposes of that kind, and failed me ignominiously at the last moment. My head ached, and I could not bear many hair-pins thrust into my scalp; in no other way would the obstinate thing be induced to stay on. Mamma was heart-broken, and I was disappointed; but even inanimate articles become perverse at times. I thought perhaps the switch was grieving over a beloved and lost head of which it was once part and parcel, and I forgave it, and left it to its perverseness from that time onward.

When I reached the church I was immediately seized upon for something they called "the grocery counter"—an innovation brought about by the advent of a well-to-do grocer in our midst, a widower, a stock-raiser, and a man afflicted with many maladies, of which he loved to talk. He had generously sent down from the city, in pound packages and tin cans, samples of his available goods, and had proposed this "grocery counter" to the young ladies, which they despised and would have none of. The grocer himself found favor in their sight. They flitted about him, filled his button-holes with bouquets, his pockets with bonbons; they looked up in his face, and tried to talk to him, poor children! as best they could. But they appealed to me to take the ugly counter, with its sordid pound packages for home necessity, and I took it with an ill-concealed avidity. The truth was, a kind of heart-sickness seized me when I thought that the evening must be passed in making myself generally agreeable, and I felt that to wander about this place, distorted out of its sweet savor of godliness and quiet Sabbath rest so dear to a weary soul—to wander about among the flags and wreaths and tents and arbors, with a smile for one, a nod for another—was like the protracted and agonizing pilgrimage of a lost soul beyond the borders of the Styx.

So I speedily put myself behind the counter, which comfortably hid more than half my tall, gaunt figure, and was so glad of the shelter that I found myself becoming interested in these despised parcels piled up before me. I determined, if I could, to make my mission a success, so that I and other poor weary women might have this refuge to fly to in these gala seasons of misery.

The successful grocer, who had not been very well pleased with the open ingratitude for his bequest, took heart and brightened up when he saw me giving an air of smartness to his goods. He extricated himself from a bevy of young and fair ones, and came generously over to help me. In sheer gratitude I began to praise his young colt that was pasturing in a field adjoining our garden, and he remained with me. Shortly after, when he found that a queer feeling in his head agreed with the same discomfort in my own poor cranium, he brought a chair behind the counter, and in a low tender voice he detailed to me the interesting diagnosis of his pet malady.

On the other side of me the minister's son, who was home from college, and suffering from that period of egotism which comes to young men of his kind, remained during the entire evening, to show his contempt for the young, the fair, the frivolous. A few old married friends, whose wives were sick or away, hovered about the grocery counter, so that it really did happen that I was surrounded by men. The evening was passing pleasantly enough. My dark corner was well patronized, and every woman who has to do with church entertainments will understand my gratification and relief when I found it was nearly ten o'clock and all was well. At this time a letter was put into my hand by one of the little post-office messengers—we always made a feature of the post-office at our festivals, where pink and parti-colored missives, with doves and other doting designs upon the envelopes, were distributed at extravagant rates of postage. I had just been favored with a liberal offer from a customer, and, elated with my bargain, proceeded to put up my bundles, not giving much heed to the love-letter from the neighboring booth. Truth to say, I felt a little tingling of the blood at the idea of the mockery that might be concealed therein by one of those witty village youths, and the letter lay there for a full half hour, when somebody said, in the most commonplace way,

"So Jack Hunter is back from China."

In a moment every thing was black before me. I dropped my hands and my eyes to the counter, and when this sudden dizziness was gone, I saw upon the little tawdry envelope Jack's scrawling handwriting. Here was the little line I had coveted all these years, and this is what my half-blinded eyes made out:

"I came home because I was mad to see you—because all these years, and your old perfidy, couldn't kill my love for you. I find you just as I expected to, in a space small enough to be filled outside and inside with—men. You are as beautiful and fascinating as ever, and as fond of admiration. I hear that you are about to be married to the grocer at your elbow, who so engrosses your attention that you do not care to look at the passers-by. God help him, and God bless you! I have had my lesson. Now I shall, perhaps, be satisfied. Good-by."

Five minutes after that I was running home, without my hat, and with his note crumpled up in my hand. The people at the festival no doubt thought that mamma was taken suddenly ill. They could not have fancied I was running after Jack, because he had been there at the church for an hour, and I had been totally unconscious of his presence. Dear Heaven! how could it be that I didn't know, that something didn't tell me, that I didn't *feel* he was near me?

But I didn't. I went on talking to the grocer about a remarkable operation for an ulcer that he had undergone, when Jack must have been only a few rods away! I ran down the road, my heart in my throat. Fortunately the village street was deserted. Every man, woman, and child were at the festival, except those who could not be out at all; so I ran on unchecked, a dim fear gaining weight with me that Jack had not unpacked his trunk, and was off to China again within the hour. But when I reached his house, which was next door to my own, I saw him sitting out on the balcony smoking a cigar, with his feet perched upon the railing. But his face grew very pale in the moonlight, and his feet clattered quickly down upon the porch when he saw me run in at the gate. The cigar fell from his lips, the ashes tumbling over his broad white waistcoat.

"Why, thank God," he said, "this must be my own dear little girl. Now, see here, Jenny," he began, scolding, a minute after; but he kept tight hold of me, and trembled fully as much with happiness as I did.

Nothing can persuade him that I am not a desperate flirt, as beautiful as an angel, and irresistibly fascinating. I have not the least doubt that half the village are laughing at Jack's ridiculous devotion and jealousy; but the well-meant endeavors of his friends and family to convince him that I am a plain, faded, unattractive, and neglected old maid he laughs to scorn as a conspiracy of envy or jealousy. And how can I wonder at his delusion? Mamma says Jack has terribly aged during these years of loneliness and exile, and looks older and not so comely as our neighbor the grocer; but to me he is still the handsome, alluring, in every way adorable Jack. He is walking up and down the little balcony next door at this present moment, and, hidden by our odorous honeysuckle vine, I am listening to him trill out the last words of his favorite ballad:

"So girls be true while your lover's away,
For a cloudy morning, for a cloudy m—o—orning
Oft proves a pleasant day."

EFFECTS OF LIGHT ON PLANTS.

Plants are nourished by absorbing through their roots certain substances in the soil, and by decomposing through their green parts the carbonic acid gas contained in the atmosphere. They decompose this gas into carbon, which is assimilated, and into oxygen, which they exhale, and return to the atmosphere for the use of animals. This, which may be called the respiration of plants, can not be performed without the help of the solar rays. Charles Bonnet, the well-known philosopher of Geneva, was the first in the last century to verify this truth. He remarked that all plants grow vertically, and stretch toward the sun in whatever position the seed may have been planted. We have all noticed how plants in dark places direct their stems to the place whence a ray of light issues. He also discovered that when plunged into water they disengage bubbles or gas under the sun's influence. Dr. Priestley took up the subject and gained another step; he burned a light in a closed space until it went out, showing that the oxygen had been consumed, and that in consequence the air had become unfit for maintaining combustion. Into the space he introduced the green parts of a plant, and after ten days the air was so purified that the candle would burn once more. In other words he had proved that plants can substitute oxygen for carbonic acid gas. If some water-cress, for instance, be grown in water, and exposed to sunlight, the presence of the oxygen gas given off by the leaves may be demonstrated by the rekindling of a paper the lingering spark of which is introduced into the vessel in which the plant is contained.

Dr. Ingenhousz further explained this interesting fact. He observed that plants have the power of correcting impure air in a few hours, and that this marvellous operation is due solely to the influence of the sun upon plants. This influence only begins when the sun has risen some little time above the horizon; the obscurity of night entirely suspends the operation, as do also high buildings or the shade of trees. Toward the close of day the production of oxygen relaxes, and entirely ceases at sunset.

When these facts had been established the explanation was soon discovered: the impure gas which was absorbed and decomposed during the day was nothing but the carbonic acid which is freely given out from the lungs of every breathing animal, the pure gas resulting from the decomposition being oxygen. But the diurnal respiration of most plants is exactly the inverse of the nocturnal, for the gas which they emit during night is the unwholesome carbonic acid. It was discovered also that mere heat could not take the place of light in these operations. There was another point which required elucidation; this was the relation that existed between the amount of carbonic acid absorbed and of oxygen exhaled. Another Genevese citizen, De Saussure, maintained that the latter is always the smaller quantity, and that at the same time a portion of the oxygen retained by the plant is replaced by nitrogen; while Boussingault showed that the volume of carbonic acid decomposed was equal to that of the oxygen produced.

There is a wonderful rapidity and energy in the performance of these functions by the green parts of plants, as was proved by placing an earthen vessel in the sun, filled with vine leaves. Through this a current of carbonic acid was passed, and when it came out it was pure oxygen. It is calculated that one single leaf of the water-lily thus exhales during the summer about 300 quarts of oxygen. Indeed there are some peculiarities about aquatic plants which make them more valuable in clearing the atmosphere than others, for during the night they are inactive and disengage no carbonic acid, while they act as others do in the daytime. It is easy to show the direct action of the sun on vegetable respiration by placing some leaves of the *nayas* in a vessel filled with water saturated with carbonic gas; as soon as this is exposed to the sun an infinite number of little bubbles of almost pure oxygen will be seen rising to the surface. The shadow of a cloud crossing the sky suffices to lessen this action, which is again resumed with sudden activity when it has passed. By intercepting the solar rays with a screen, the changes of quick or slow production of gas bubbles may be clearly observed.

So far these remarks apply only to white light, that is, the mixture of all the rays which the sun sends us. But this light is not simple; it is composed of seven prismatic groups of colors, the properties of which are quite distinct. This prismatic group further prolongs and extends itself by invisible radiations. Beyond the red there are radiations of heat; beyond the violet, chemical radiations. The first act on the thermometer; the second determine energetic reactions in chemical compositions. What is their influence on vegetation? Does the solar light affect plants through its color, its chemical properties, or its heat?

Many experiments have been tried to solve this question, but it is still a matter of doubt. If plants are placed in colored glasses, less oxygen is disengaged than under the influence of white light. Young plants grown in comparative darkness, and consequently pale as to color, have been exposed to different rays of the spectrum, the effect being that in three hours and a half they assumed a green tint under the action of yellow light, while an hour longer was required for orange, and sixteen hours for blue. It is evident from this that the energy of solar action on plants corresponds neither with the maximum of heat, which lies in the red rays, nor in the maximum of chemical intensity, which is at the other extremity of the spectrum, that is, the violet.

If blades of grass are put into tubes filled with water charged with carbonic gas, and exposed to colored rays, and the quantity of oxygen gas disengaged is measured, it will be found that the largest quantity is in the tubes which have been acted on by yellow and green light; afterward those influenced by orange and red. Just as aquatic plants send out gaseous bubbles under white light, so do they to nearly the same extent under orange light, but twenty times less if placed under blue glass. These experiments would seem to prove that it is the *luminous* rays only, and principally the yellow and orange, that act upon plants. To this may be added that green light produces much the same effect as darkness on vegetable respiration, thus explaining why there is such a slow, lingering growth under the shade of large trees or forests, where the ground beneath is bathed in emerald light.

Another part of this interesting study relates to the *mechanical* action which light exercises, as shown in the sleep of flowers, the inflection of the stems, and the inclination toward the great luminary. Pliny speaks of the sunflower, which always faces the sun and turns round with it—a delicate sensibility which the poet Moore has beautifully expressed in words and music. The lupine is another instance, which indicates by its diurnal revolution the hour of the day to the laborer. The stems of all plants, as a rule, turn toward the side of the light, and bend to drink it in. This constitutes what is known as "heliotropism." If cress be grown in darkness on moist cotton-wool, and then placed in a room lighted on one side only, the stems bend and incline very rapidly toward it; the higher part only turns, the lower remaining upright. But if it be placed in a room lighted by two windows, a fresh observation will be made. Supposing they are on the same side, and admitting an equal amount of light, the stem bends in the direction of the middle of the angle formed by the rays; while if one window allows more light to penetrate into the room than the other, the stem turns to it. When the two are opposite, there is no deviation from the straight line.

There are some curious facts regarding climbing plants: their stems generally turn from left to right round the pole used for support; others follow a contrary direction; while to some it seems to be a matter of indifference. Mr. Darwin has concluded that light is an influential cause. If plants of this class are placed in a room near a window, the stem requires more time to perform the half revolution during which it is turned away from the light than for that which is toward the window. In one case the whole circle was completed in five hours and twenty minutes; of this the half in full light only required an hour, while the other could not traverse its part in less than four hours and twenty minutes—a very striking variation. Some Chinese ignamas (*Diascorea batatas*) in full growth were placed in a completely darkened cave, and others in a garden; in every case those which were in darkness lost the power of climbing round their supports; those exposed to the sun were twisting, but as soon as they were put in the cellar they grew with straight stems.

The sleep of plants, which certainly has a connection with light, is another curiosity in nature. Flowers and leaves of some growths seem to fade at particular hours, the corolla being closed, which after a state of lethargy blows out afresh; in others the flower falls and dies without having closed. In the case of the convolvulus the flower is drawn up at noon. Linnæus noted the hours in which certain plants blow and fade, and thus composed a floral dial; but science has not yet been able to explain these curious relations to light.

The green coloring of leaves and stems is owing to a special matter called chlorophyll, which forms microscopical granulations contained in their cells. These grains are more or less numerous in each cell, and it is to their number as well as to the intensity of their color that the plant owes its particular shade of green. Sometimes they are found pressed together, and cover the whole internal surface of the cell; while at other times they are smaller in quantity, and do not touch each other. It has recently been observed, also, in the latter case, that under the influence of light the green corpuscles undergo very curious changes of position; in certain plants they crowd to the part of the wall of the cells exposed to the action of the sun—a phenomenon which does not take place in darkness or under red rays only.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The results of Captain Burton's expedition in the Land of Midian, the initiation of which we referred to some time ago, proved to be remarkably successful in bringing to light immense treasures of valuable material in that region. A large number of extremely interesting archæological objects, such as Midianite coins, early inscriptions, remains of worked stone, fragments of smelted metals, glass, pottery, etc., were brought back, together with numerous sketches, photographs, plans of ancient buildings, etc. Ores of copper and silver, and specimens of turquois, of sulphur, of rock-salt, gypsum, and alabaster, were also secured. It is thought that the Khedive of Egypt, to whom this country belongs, will be enabled to work the mineral treasures to the great advantage of his exchequer.

The *American Journal of Mathematics, pure and applied*, the projected publication of which we have already announced, has made its appearance in the form of a quarto number, to be published quarterly under the auspices of the Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore. Its editor-in-chief is Professor Sylvester, of that institution, with Professors Peirce, Newcomb, and Rowland as associates. Articles by Professors Newcomb, Hill, Eddy, Rowland, Sylvester, and others form the components of the first number.

The Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, in Philadelphia, has lately printed a catalogue of the products and manufactures of British India recently presented to it by the British government.

Recent numbers of the Bulletin of the University of California contain valuable papers upon the distribution and amount of rain-fall in that State, by Dr. Becker, and on the destruction of the ground-squirrel by the use of sulphide of carbon, by Professor Hilgard. The ravages of this animal—a species of spermophile, a large rodent, equalling in size or larger than the ordinary gray squirrel of the East—are so great as to constitute a notable factor in the injuries to which the crops of California are subject. Unlike many wild animals, its area of distribution is increased with the cultivation of the soil; indeed, it appears to wait until the country is cleared and planted before taking possession. It holds on to what it has once secured, and continuously extends the boundaries of its range.

Professor Hilgard, appreciating the importance of the use of the bisulphide of carbon in the destruction of the phylloxera, conceived the idea of its application in the case of the ground-squirrel by pouring it into the holes of the animal. It runs freely through the burrows, and emits an odor entirely insupportable by man or beast, and which seems to destroy life very quickly. Professor Hilgard reports having freed the university campus at Oakland from every vestige of the squirrels by the application of about a pound of the liquid per acre. Two men closed all the holes in half an hour with shovels. The expense of the substance in California is forty to forty-five cents a pound.

Professor Cope has recently described, under the name of *Cricotus*, a remarkable genus of extinct batrachians from the Permian formation of Illinois. These animals appear to have two different kinds of vertebræ, which alternate with each other in the course of the column. The bodies of the two kinds are not easily distinguishable in the tail, but in the other parts of the column the interposed bodies are a little smaller than the true bodies. Besides this peculiar character, the entire column is perforated by the cartilaginous *chorda dorsalis*, so that the bodies, both normal and interposed, are ring-like in form. There are two species known, which were in habits and appearance like large salamanders.

The eggs of the English salmon, packed during the past winter by Mr. Frank Buckland, got safely as far as Australia, and left Melbourne for New Zealand on the 13th of March, but arrived in bad condition, nearly all having perished on the way.

Nature contains a very excellent and appreciative notice, by Professor J. R. Hind, of Newcomb's *Popular Astronomy*, lately published by the Harpers, commending it in the highest terms as containing a thoroughly reliable foundation for more advanced study.

The report of the Zoological Society of London for 1877, recently published, shows a very prosperous condition of this well-known institution, the total number of memberships amounting to 3358. The receipts of the society for the year have amounted to nearly £31,000 sterling—a greater sum than in any previous year, with the exception of 1876. Of this, nearly £19,000 sterling were for admissions to the garden, the rest being derived from annual subscriptions, rents of refreshment-rooms, publications, etc.

The expenditures were for the maintenance of the personnel of the society and of its gardens, and for the continuance of its publications, which far exceed in value and extent those of any similar establishment.

Walter Faxon announces the discovery in the skin of the ox of the same parasite that infests the follecular glands in the human subject. This is a mite known as *Demodex folliculorum*. It is also the same insect which produces the mange affection in the skin of the dog, causing the destruction of the hair. Its ravages in man are much less severe than in the lower animals.

The increasing demand for fresh meat in Europe has naturally induced many suggestions and experiments with reference to its introduction from those portions of the globe where it can be had at a low figure, Australia, North America, and the Argentine Republic being the most prominent sources of supply. In this North America has the advantage, in being so much nearer, thus permitting the transportation of the meat in refrigerating chambers of steamers, in which the carcasses are hung on hooks depending from the ceiling, in which case the carcasses are not frozen hard, the atmosphere being rendered perfectly dry, and being maintained at a low temperature, which is quite sufficient to permit the delivery of the meat in good condition after its short voyage.

The attempt to bring meat in the same manner from Australia, or even from the La Plata, has proved unsatisfactory. It is not until quite lately that the problem has been solved by what is called the Carré-Jullien method. In this the animal, after being slaughtered and dressed, is hung up in a chamber, where by exposure to a temperature 13° below zero it is frozen to its very centre, as hard as a log, in from eight to ten hours. These carcasses are then piled up in the chamber, and kept at a similar temperature until ready for shipment.

The refrigerating agent used is ammonia, which is considered the cheapest of all substances for the purpose.

By the *Paraguay*, the vessel employed for carrying a cargo of mutton to Europe, a perfectly successful voyage has just been made. The three machines used were worked by an eighteen horse-power engine, at an expediture of about a ton of coal per day. Nine men were sufficient for keeping the apparatus in efficient action. The meat brought by this vessel was sold in Paris, in competition with the best freshly killed meat, without any question as to its being absolutely equal in value.

The principal portion of the cargo of the *Paraguay* consisted of mutton, this being very cheap on the La Plata, and of excellent quality. It can be sold at a profit in Paris or London for about nine cents per pound.

The great advantage of this method over that now in use for the transportation of fresh meat from the United States to Europe is in the greater compactness of stowage, and the ability to carry a much larger cargo, as the carcasses are piled up like cord-wood instead of being hung up separately.

A method somewhat similar is in use in the United States and Canada for the indefinite preservation of fish. Here, however, the refrigerating agent is generally pounded ice and salt, which maintains a temperature of about 12° to 20° above zero. The much greater intensity of cold produced by the new apparatus, and its greater economy as compared with the use of ice, will doubtless ere long cause it to be employed in the North American trade.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It seems marvellous that the fatal results of the recent accident on the East River Bridge were limited to the loss of two lives: the strange and sudden catastrophe might easily have sacrificed hundreds. About noon on the day of the accident, as one of the cable strands was being lowered to its permanent place, it broke loose from its fastenings, and in an instant, with one tremendous leap, cleared nearly five hundred feet, and carrying with it an immense iron "shoe" and broken tackle, landed in the yard at the foot of the New York tower. A loud report was the only attendant warning, but this caused rumors of terrible loss of life to be instantly circulated. The flying strand had killed with one sudden blow one of the workmen, and the foreman of the gang of riggers was knocked off the anchorage, and died in a short time. Two other workmen were severely injured, and one of the engineers was thrown from his feet, but unhurt. And it seemed almost a miracle that others escaped.

Each of the four main cables of the bridge, when completed, will be composed of nineteen strands of steel wires, each strand being made of 286 separate wires, firmly bound together. While a strand is being made the single wires are fastened at each anchorage around a huge iron "shoe," which is secured to iron bars, the wires being stretched more than when in their permanent position as a part of the main cables. When a strand is finished it is lowered into place by slowly carrying forward the "shoe," by means of complicated machinery, until the eyes of the anchor bars, where it is to be permanently secured, are reached. It was during this process that the carefully tested steel rope—the "fall rope" connected with the tackle holding the "shoe"—suddenly parted. Investigation showed that in consequence of the slight displacement of an iron pin the rope had slipped from its groove sufficiently for it to be cut on the sharp edge of a sheave. Of course, being under tension, it instantly parted, and the monster strand, with pulley block and "shoe" attached, was drawn from the anchorage and whirled through the air. It appears that the regular key belonging to the displaced pin was gone, and the temporary key substituted for the time had allowed the pin to loosen. Although great care is constantly exercised in the work on the bridge, the possibility of such an unforeseen accident will lead to renewed precautions.

A jubilee meeting commemorated the redemption of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn Heights, from its debt of $135,000. An immense audience gathered in the church, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. In the address given by Bishop Littlejohn he mentioned that when the parish was organized, during the Revolution, Brooklyn consisted of fifty houses, and had only about five hundred inhabitants.

The Scottish giant, William Campbell, said to be the heaviest man in the world, died at Newcastle, England, on May 26. He was twenty-two years old, and weighed 728 pounds. The burial was attended with some difficulty, as he died in the third story of the Newcastle inn which he owned, and the body could be removed only by taking out the window of the room, knocking away the brick-work at its side, and lowering it by block and tackle.

Of all the buildings in the Park of the Trocadéro, the Algerian Palace is said to be the most extensive and costly. The total space covered by it is about 2532 square meters.

One of the most attractive and popular features of the Paris Exhibition is the display of the superb Pullman palace and sleeping cars in the American section.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* having seen a reward of five dollars offered for the best treatise on "How to make out-door life attractive to the mosquito," issues this elaborate treatise: "*Camp out.*"

The San Francisco *Bulletin* gives some interesting items concerning a large collection of specimens in entomology made by Henry Edwards during the last twenty-five years. Professor Davidson, president of the Academy of Sciences, states that this collection of bugs is one of the largest ever made in the United States, and by far the most complete ever made on the Pacific coast. It consists of about 60,000 species, comprising more than 200,000 specimens. These include not only all the orders on the Pacific coast, but nearly or quite all in the United States, with a large representation of orders from all parts of the world. The collection is really one of the most complete known in this country or any other. It is valued at $12,000, or rather that is about the sum expended in freights, cabinets, and the purchase of rare specimens. The labor of twenty-five years is not estimated.

The Liberian colonists who left Charleston last April on the ship *Azor* have arrived at Sierra Leone, a British colony on the western coast of Africa—at least a *part* of them reached this destination. About twenty-five died on the voyage, and all endured unexpected suffering. In addition to the horrors of measles and ship fever, there was no suitable physician on board, and the supply of water ran short. The immigrants deserved more thoughtfulness on the part of those who arranged this expedition.

A French medical man estimates that during the last fifty years France has lost through preventable causes fully 10,000,000 children. Official returns to the government commission of inquiry indicate such an excessive mortality among infants that special investigation into the causes is demanded.

Diphtheria appears by no means to be a modern disease. In fact, according to an article which recently was published in the Boston *Journal of Chemistry*, diphtheria was known in Egypt more than two thousand years ago, extended through that country and Asia Minor for about five hundred years, and then found its way into the south of Europe, where it received its present name. In the year 330 it appeared in Rome; in 1337 it raged as an epidemic in Holland, entered Paris in 1576, and showed itself in America in 1771. In 1818 and in 1835 it was very prevalent in France, and about 1856 was epidemic in England, and in the United States was a terror for several years.

Here is a lesson for those who sit down in despondency or idleness because they can not easily accomplish what they desire: A young student went from a distant town to Keokuk, Iowa, to attend the medical college. After paying in advance for his tuition he had just seven dollars left. For three dollars he hired a room, wholly unfurnished, for the quarter. But he had neither stove, furniture, nor bedding. In the course of a month he procured a blanket, and after a while he obtained work enough to earn five dollars. Upon that and the little sum he had remaining he managed to live most of the term, his restricted means not being known. He lived chiefly on corn bread. He is said to be one of the best students in his class, is frank, fearless, and asks no favors. He will doubtless make his mark in the world.

Dr. Schliemann is building himself a house in Athens. He has given his little daughter the ancient name of Andromache, and the two family maid-servants are called Penelope and Briseis.

A singular anniversary is to be held at Pompeii next year—to celebrate the destruction of that city and Herculaneum 1800 years ago.

At the sale of the Novar collection of paintings in London the "Madonna dei Candelabri" was bought in at $97,500. The entire sale, exclusive of the withdrawal price of the Madonna, realized $222,610.

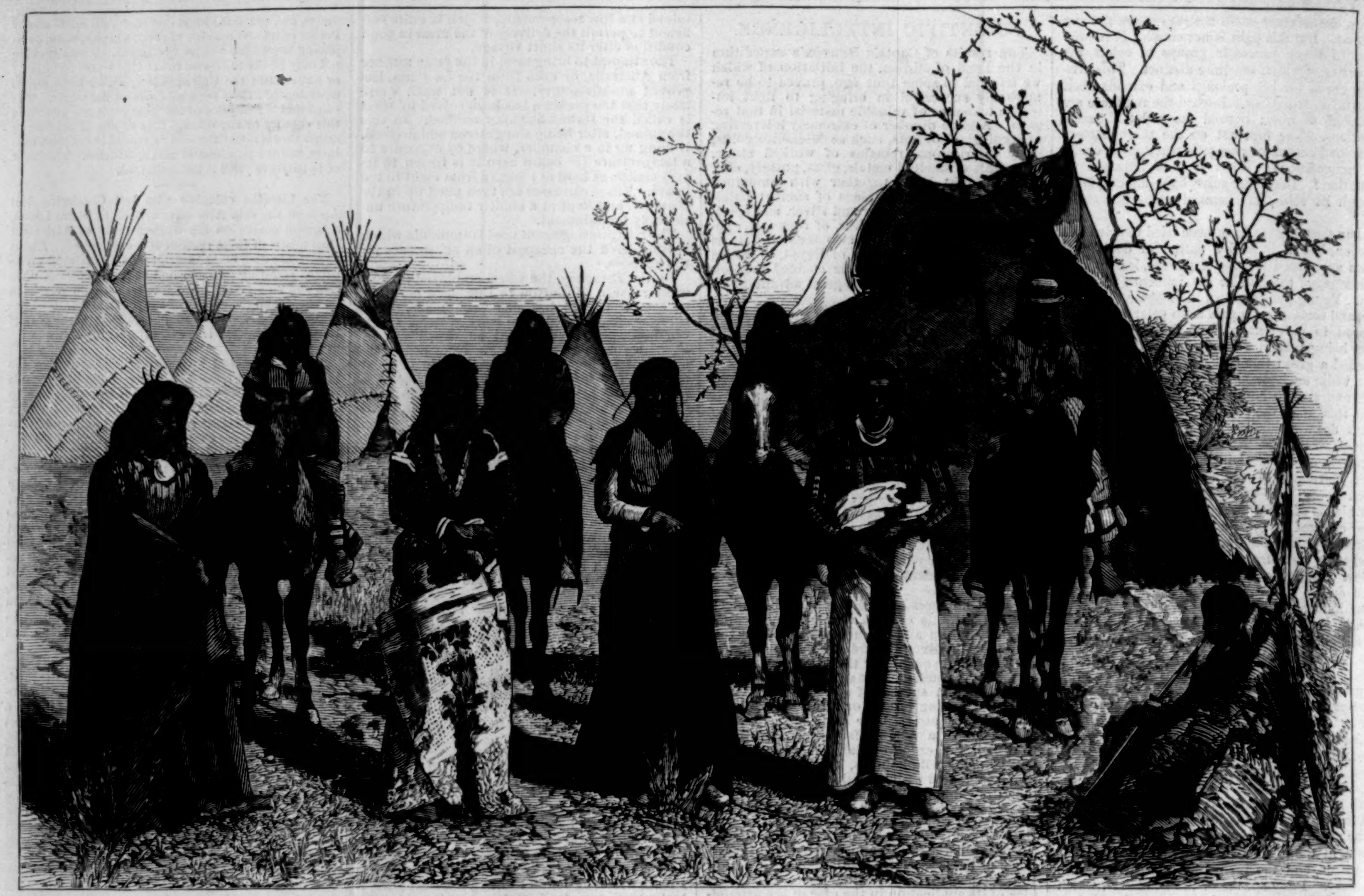
A somewhat romantic courtship took place on board the steam-ship *La Place* on its recent passage from Rio Janeiro to this city. On the voyage a young Italian, nineteen years of age, became acquainted with a French girl of sixteen, whose father was seriously sick, as well as almost penniless. The girl could speak no Italian, and the young man no French, but both knew a very little Portuguese. But Antonio fell violently in love with Catherine, and managed to make her understand the fact. On landing he further convinced her, by means of an interpreter, that she would find him a good husband. So they were married.

In Warsaw certain ladies of high rank have organized an Economical Dress Club. Among other rules adopted is one discountenancing the constant changes recommended by dress-makers, and modistes, when these lack artistic value.

An Artesian well at Pesth, Hungary, which supplies hot water, has now reached a depth of over 1000 yards, and, when completed, will be the deepest of its kind. A curious feature of the well is the use of automatic machinery in boring, the water-power being supplied by the well itself.

At the Paris Exhibition Norway has fish-skins tanned for gloves, eel-skins tanned for harness, shark-skins, ten feet long by three feet wide, for various purposes, and whale-skins, sixty feet long, for driving-bands for machinery.

It had been the often expressed wish of William Cullen Bryant that his funeral should be quiet and simple. Such it was, as far as the great crowd who assembled to do him honor made possible. The services were in All-souls Church, but many who came to the church were unable to obtain entrance. The coffin, covered with black cloth and mounted with silver, bore a silver plate with the inscription: "William Cullen Bryant. Born November 3, 1794. Died June 12, 1878." Resting on the coffin was a spray of palm leaves, fastened together by a knot of white ribbon. Two large baskets of flowers were upon the communion-table, and on the baptismal font was a large and beautiful floral pillar, with a pedestal, to which was attached the inscription: "From his Employés, who loved him." Delegates from many societies and clubs and a large number of prominent citizens were present. The services began with a prelude on the organ, the selection being the andante from Beethoven's seventh symphony. This was followed by the singing of "Rest, spirit, rest," by Rorke, as a quartette. The Rev. Dr. Bellows then read a service for the dead, and offered prayer. After the hymn "Come unto Him," sung as a solo, Dr. Bellows delivered an address, and then the choir sang a familiar hymn of which Mr. Bryant was the author. After the Lord's prayer the vast congregation slowly passed by the coffin which held the remains of the honored dead, and then dispersed. The interment was at Roslyn, Long Island, in the afternoon of the same day. According to his own wish, expressed in one of his poems, he was laid to rest on a fair day in "flowery June," with simple ceremonies, and with loving friends about his grave.



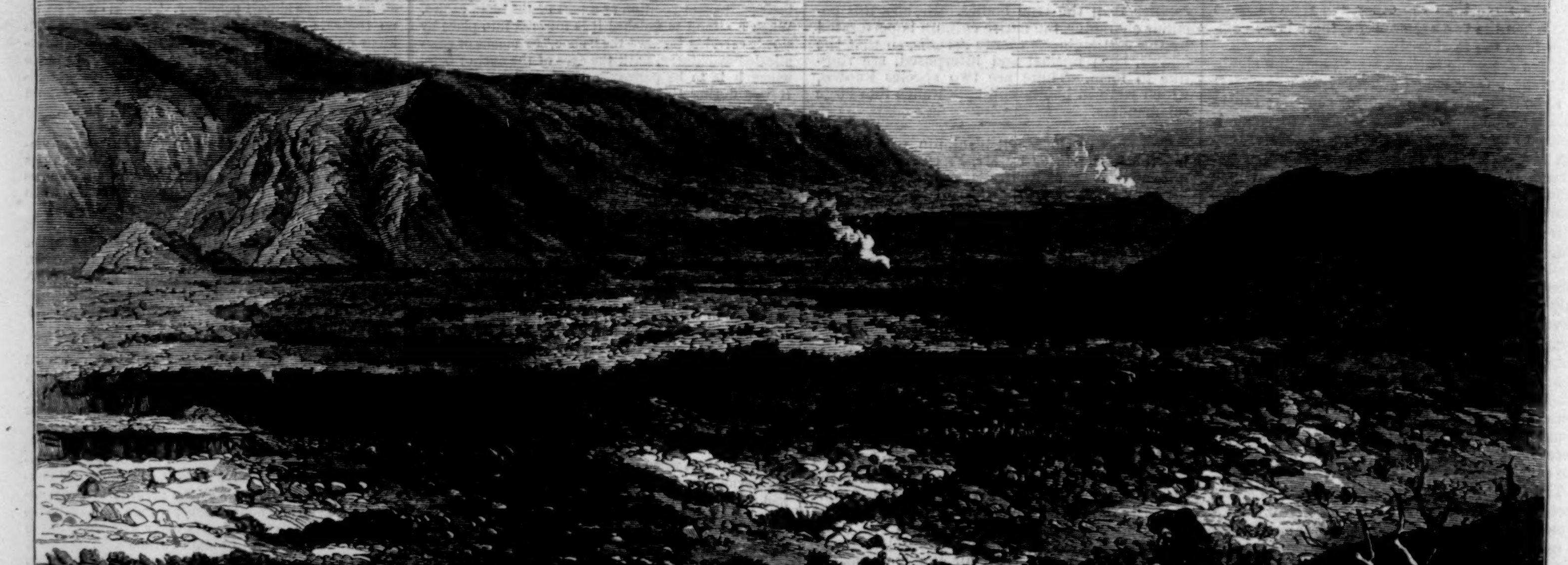
GROUP OF BANNOCK INDIANS.—[Photographed by W. H. Jackson.]

INDIAN TROUBLES.

The outbreak of the Bannock and other Indians living on the Hall Reservation has, without question, been provoked by the cupidity and bad faith of the white agents. Mr. Fenn, the Delegate in Congress from Idaho Territory, asserts that these Indians have been robbed of their annuities, and made desperate by wanton oppression. Seeing no hope of obtaining redress, they began several months ago to make preparations for war. About the middle of last May a large proportion of the Bannocks went to Passami Valley and Big Camas Prairie, the usual resort of the Indians of all Southern Idaho. A large portion of the Indians from Fort Hall Agency and a portion of the Indians from Malhua Agency, in Oregon, assembled at Big Camas Prairie and in its vicinity. These included many of the small bands of Indians scattered over Southern Idaho. Soon after their arrival they began killing stock, and made hostile demonstrations in the vicinity of Big Camas Prairie. On the 29th of May they killed the first settlers, and so the threatened war began.

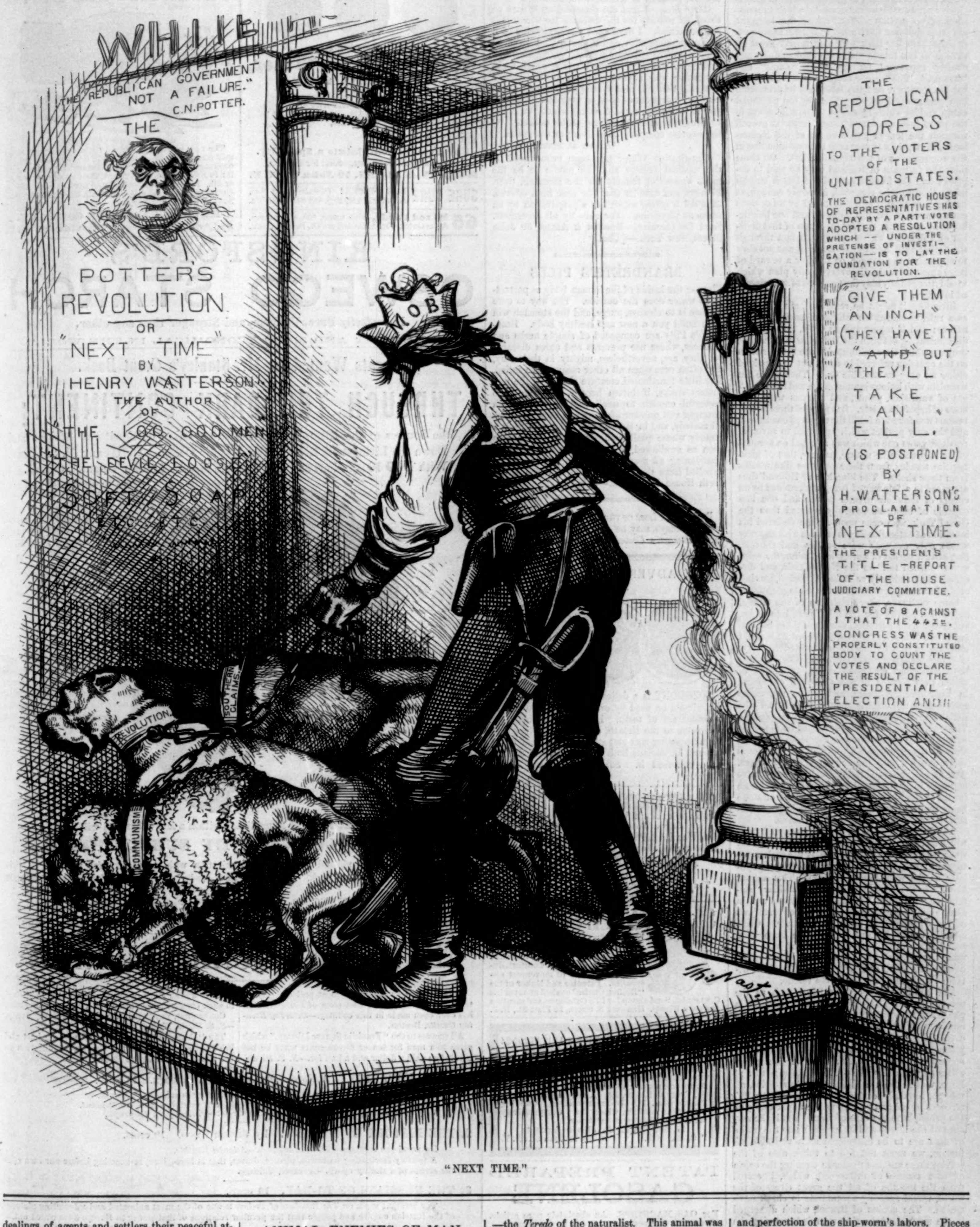
Mr. Fenn further says, in regard to their plan of operations, that they have selected for their present field of action a locality very easy of defense, approaching in natural means of protection the lava beds of the Modocs. It is broken up by deep cañons and gulches, and as it affords natural fortresses almost innumerable, it can be defended by the Indians against greatly superior forces.

The Bannocks are a small tribe of Shoshone stock, who roam over the desert plains of Idaho and portions of the surrounding Territories. They were first found about the Blue Mountains. In 1833 Bonneville met them on the Snake River, near the mouth of the Portneuf. He described them as "numbering about 120 lodges. They are brave and cunning warriors, and deadly foes of the Blackfeet, whom they easily overcome in battle when their forces are equal. They are not vengeful and enterprising in warfare, however, seldom sending parties to attack the Blackfeet towns, but contenting themselves with defending their own territories and houses." These Indians have enjoyed a reputation for friendliness toward the whites, and but for the rapacity and dishonest



LAVA BEDS, IDAHO.—[Photographed by W. H. Jackson.]

THE INDIAN TROUBLES.


WHILE
"THE REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT NOT A FAILURE." C.N.POTTER.
THE
POTTER'S REVOLUTION
OR
"NEXT TIME"
BY
HENRY WATTERSON
THE AUTHOR OF
"THE 100.000 MEN"
"THE DEVIL LOOSE"
SOFT SOAP
ETC. ETC.
MOB
US
REVOLUTION.
SOUTHERN CLAIMS.
COMMUNISM
THE REPUBLICAN ADDRESS TO THE VOTERS OF THE UNITED STATES.
THE DEMOCRATIC HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES HAS TO-DAY BY A PARTY VOTE ADOPTED A RESOLUTION WHICH -- UNDER THE PRETENSE OF INVESTIGATION — IS TO LAY THE FOUNDATION FOR THE REVOLUTION.
"GIVE THEM AN INCH" (THEY HAVE IT) "~~AND~~" BUT "THEY'LL TAKE AN ELL." (IS POSTPONED) BY H. WATTERSON'S PROCLAMATION OF "NEXT TIME."
THE PRESIDENT'S TITLE —REPORT OF THE HOUSE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE.
A VOTE OF 8 AGAINST 1 THAT THE 44TH. CONGRESS WAS THE PROPERLY CONSTITUTED BODY TO COUNT THE VOTES AND DECLARE THE RESULT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION AND
Th: Nast.

"NEXT TIME."

dealings of agents and settlers their peaceful attitude would never have been disturbed.

The latest intelligence, at the time of writing, is that the Bannocks, in conjunction with the Piutes, have gathered in a corner of Oregon, between Boise City, Idaho, and Winnemucca, Nevada. They are divided into several bands, widely separated, and if they can be prevented from joining forces, they will be unable to do mischief on a large scale. Isolated settlers, however, have been driven from their homes or murdered, and many are abandoning their farms on the frontier and seeking the shelter of the forts. The Indians are in a country where they can choose their own ground. They are familiar with every nook and corner of the territory over which they are roaming, and the small but gallant forces on which the distant settlers rely for protection labor under immense disadvantages in the pursuit. Our picture of the region where hostilities have begun shows the difficulties of the country.

ANIMAL ENEMIES OF MAN.

SOME of the most powerful marauders upon human territory belong to the mollusca, or group of the true shell-fish, and present themselves as near relations of the oysters, mussels, and their allies. The mollusks which become of interest to man in other than a gastronomic sense possess, like the famous oyster, a bivalve shell, or one consisting of two halves. In the first of man's molluscan enemies to which we may direct attention the shell is of small size, and so far from inclosing the body of the animal, appears to exist merely as an appendage to one extremity, which, for want of a better term, we may name the head, although, as every one knows, no distinct head exists in the oyster and its kind. Suppose that from this head extremity, bearing its two small shells, a long worm-like or tubular body is continued, and we may then form a rough and ready but correct idea of the appearance of the famous "ship-worm"—the *Teredo* of the naturalist. This animal was first styled the "ship-worm" by Linnæus and his contemporaries; and in truth it resembles a worm much more closely than its shell-fish neighbors. As a worm, indeed, it was at first classified by naturalists. But appearances in zoological science are as deceptive as they are known proverbially to be in common life, and the progress of research afterward duly discovered beneath the worm-like guise of the teredo all the characters of a true mollusk. The long body of the mollusk simply consists of the breathing tubes, by which water is admitted to the gills, being extremely developed, the body proper being represented by the small portion to which the two small shells are attached.

The importance of the ship-worm arises from the use it makes of these apparently insignificant shells, as a boring apparatus; and any sea-side visitor residing on a coast where an ocean swell or severe storms strew the shore with drift-wood has but to use his eyes to assure himself of the extent and perfection of the ship-worm's labors. Pieces of drift-wood may be seen to be literally riddled by these mollusks, which live in the burrows they thus excavate. Each habitation is further seen to be coated with a limy layer formed by the tubular body, and the boring for the most part is noted to proceed in the direction of the grain of the wood. The little excavator turns aside in its coarse, however, when it meets with a knot in the wood, and an iron nail appears of all things to be the ship-worm's greatest obstacle—a fact which has been taken advantage of by way of arresting its work of destruction.

Linnæus long ago designated the ship-worm as the *calamitas navium*, and although perhaps the expression as applied to ships is somewhat far-fetched—save in the case of broken-down hulks—and utterly inapplicable in this age of iron, there can be little doubt that, regarded relatively to wooden piles, piers, and like erections, the ship-worm is unquestionably a calamity personified. So, at any rate, thought the Dutch in the years 1731–32, when the teredo began to pay attentions of too exclusive a nature to the wooden piles which supported the great earth-works or "dikes" that keep the sea from claiming the United Provinces as its own. A Dutchman has been well said to pay great attention to two things which are euphoniously and shortly expressed by the words "dams" and "drams." The former keep the sea from invading his territory, and the latter aid in protecting him personally from the effects of the perennial damp amidst which he exists. The ship-worm in the years just mentioned caused terror to prevail through the length and breadth of the Netherlands, through its appearance in large numbers in the wooden piles of the dams or dikes. On these piles the fortunes of Holland may be said to depend; and the foundations of the Dutch empire might therefore be regarded, correctly enough, as having been sapped and threatened by an envious enemy in the shape of a mollusk, and one belonging to by no means the highest group of that division of animals. The alarm spread fast through the Netherlands, and the government was not slow to appreciate the danger, or to offer a reward of large amount for the discovery of any plan which would successfully stay the progress of such dreaded invaders.

Inventors, it might be remarked, are not slow, as a rule, to accept invitations of such generous nature; and if report speaks truly, the office of discriminating between the worthless and feasible projects which were submitted to the Dutch nation on the occasion referred to could not have proved either an easy or enviable one. Then came the chemists with lotions innumerable, and the inventors of varnishes, paints, and poisons were in a state of hopeful anxiety. But none of these preparations was found to fulfill the required conditions, and the only project which appeared to savor of feasibility was one which was rejected on account of its impracticable nature, namely, that of picking the teredos from their burrows like whelks from their shells. The kingdom of Holland thus appeared in a fair way of being undermined by an enemy of infinitely greater power and one less capable of being successfully resisted than the Grand Turk, who once upon a time declared his intention of exterminating the nation with an army whose only weapons were spades and shovels. But, after a period of unrestricted labor, the ship-worm "turned tail" on the Netherlands, and disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared, leaving only a few stragglers to mark the vantage-ground.

Some mollusks, near neighbors of the teredo, and which burrow for the most part into stone, but occasionally perforate wood, are those belonging to the Piddock family—the genera *Pholas* and *Saxicava* of the naturalist—celebrated by Pliny of old as phosphorescent animals. The *Saxicavæ* have somewhat elongated shells, by means of which they burrow in rocks and lie ensconced in their dwelling-places, and whose perforated rock homes are eagerly sought after by all who delight in forming rockeries in their gardens. These mollusks have ere now caused fears for the safety of the breakwater at Plymouth, England, through the persistence with which they excavated their burrows into the substance of the stones. And as has been well pointed out, the destructive action of these mullusks may pave the way for an inroad of the sea, a riddled mass of rock or stone being rendered through their attack liable to disintegration from the action of the waves.

Another example of an animal enemy of man, which as regards size is to be deemed insignificant when compared with the teredo, is the little crustacean known as the *Limnoria terebrans*, or popularly as the wood-boring shrimp. This animal belongs to the group including the familiar "slaters" or "wood-lice," found under stones and in damp situations, and by means of its powerful jaws burrows deeply into wood of all kinds. Occasionally the ship-worm and gribble have been found at work in the same locality, and have committed ravages of great extent, the latter, on account of its small size, being more difficult of detection and eradication than the teredo.

The consideration of a subject such as the present, it may lastly be remarked, possesses a phase not without some degree of consolation to minds which, if incapable of seeing "good in every thing," may nevertheless believe in the adjustment and counterbalancing of most of Nature's operations. The repression of animal life by parasites may in one sense prove a gain to nature at large, viewed from a Malthusian stand-point, although, humanly considered, there may be differences of opinion regarding the applicability of the principle to the case of man. But if the ravages of the teredo and its neighbors on the works of man are to be considered as a veritable affliction, we must not fail to think also of the service these animals render in clearing the ocean of vast masses of drift-wood, which, liberated from the mouths of all the great rivers of the world, would speedily accumulate to check navigation. The genius of Brunel, which discerned in the manner of the ship-worm's burrowing the true method of excavating the tunnel associated with his name, may also be regarded as bearing testimony to the fact that there exist few evils which are entirely unmixed with good

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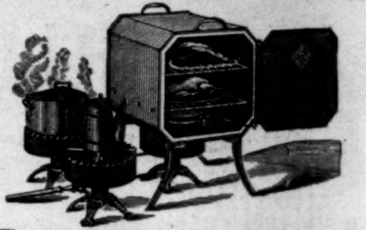

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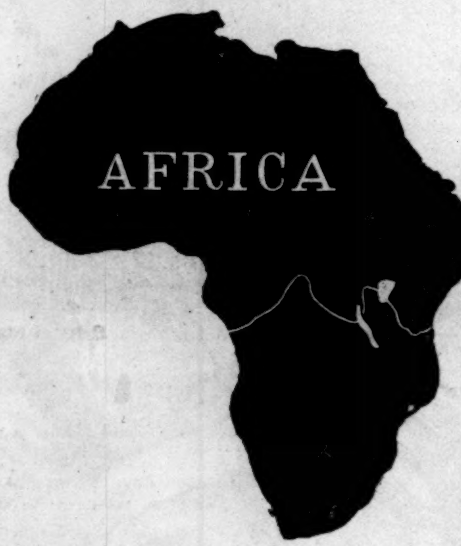

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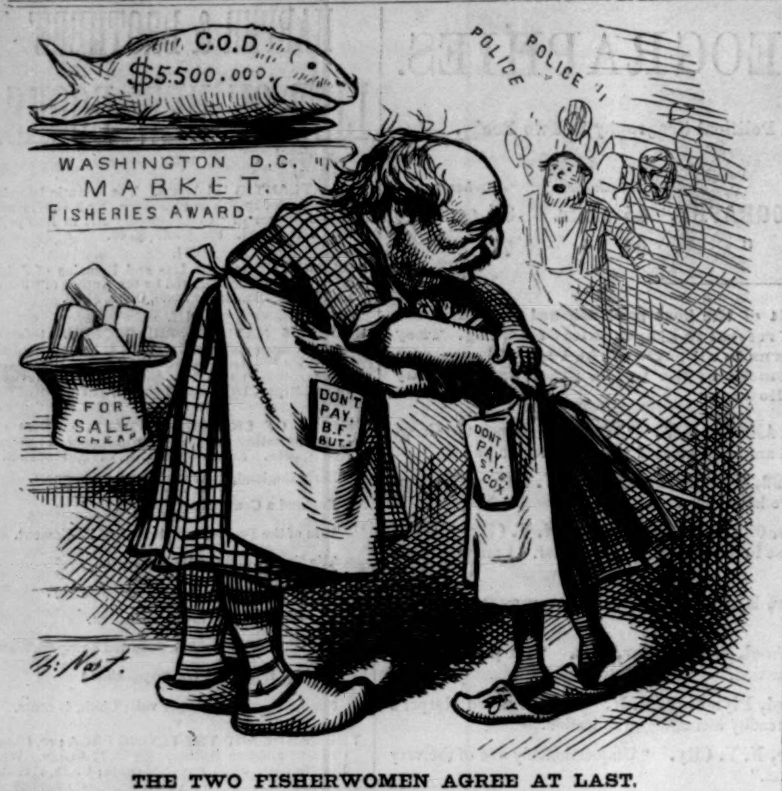
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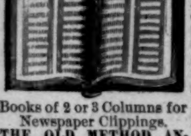

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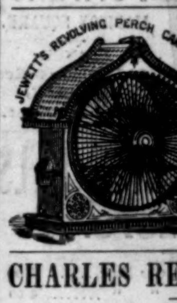
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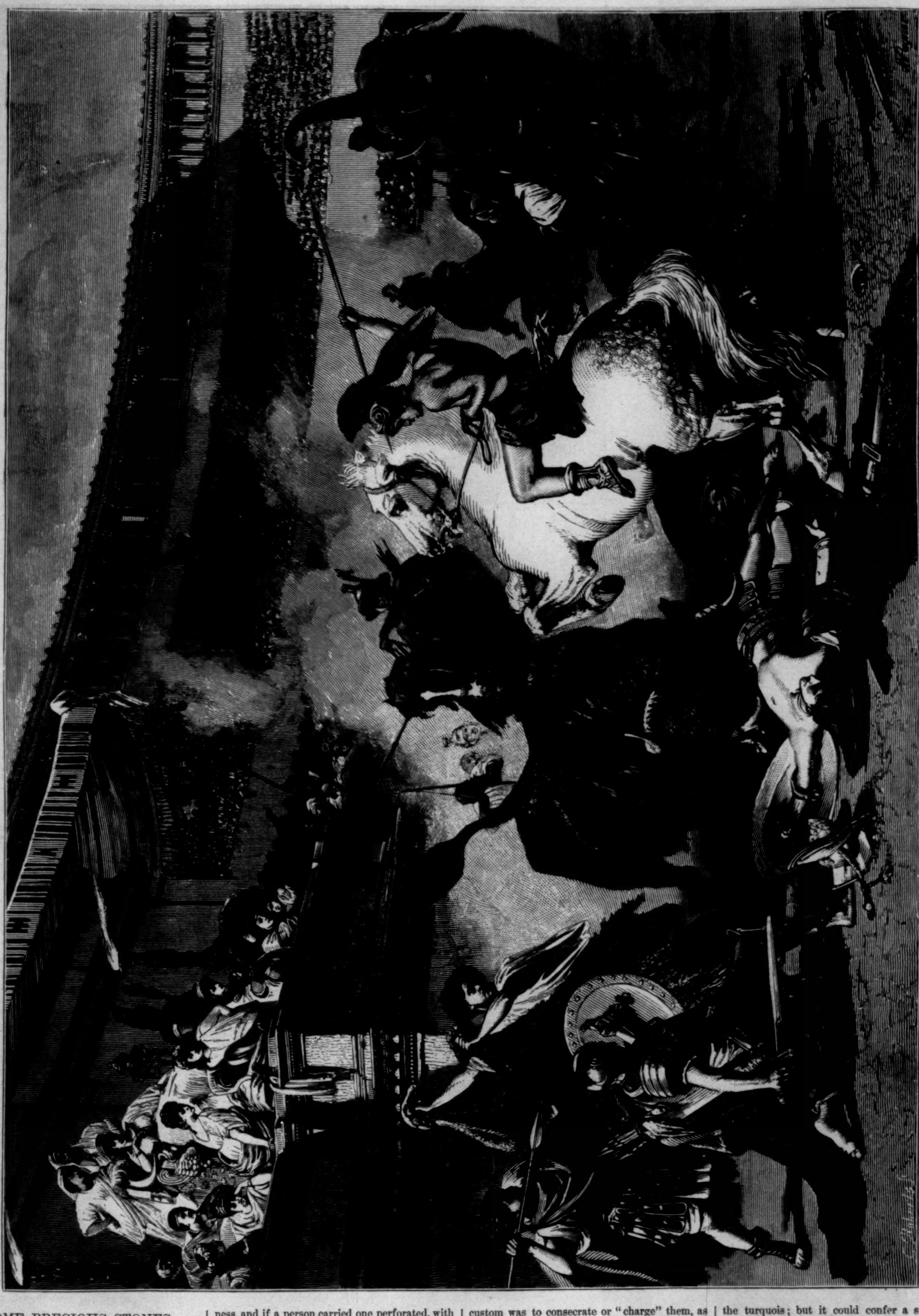

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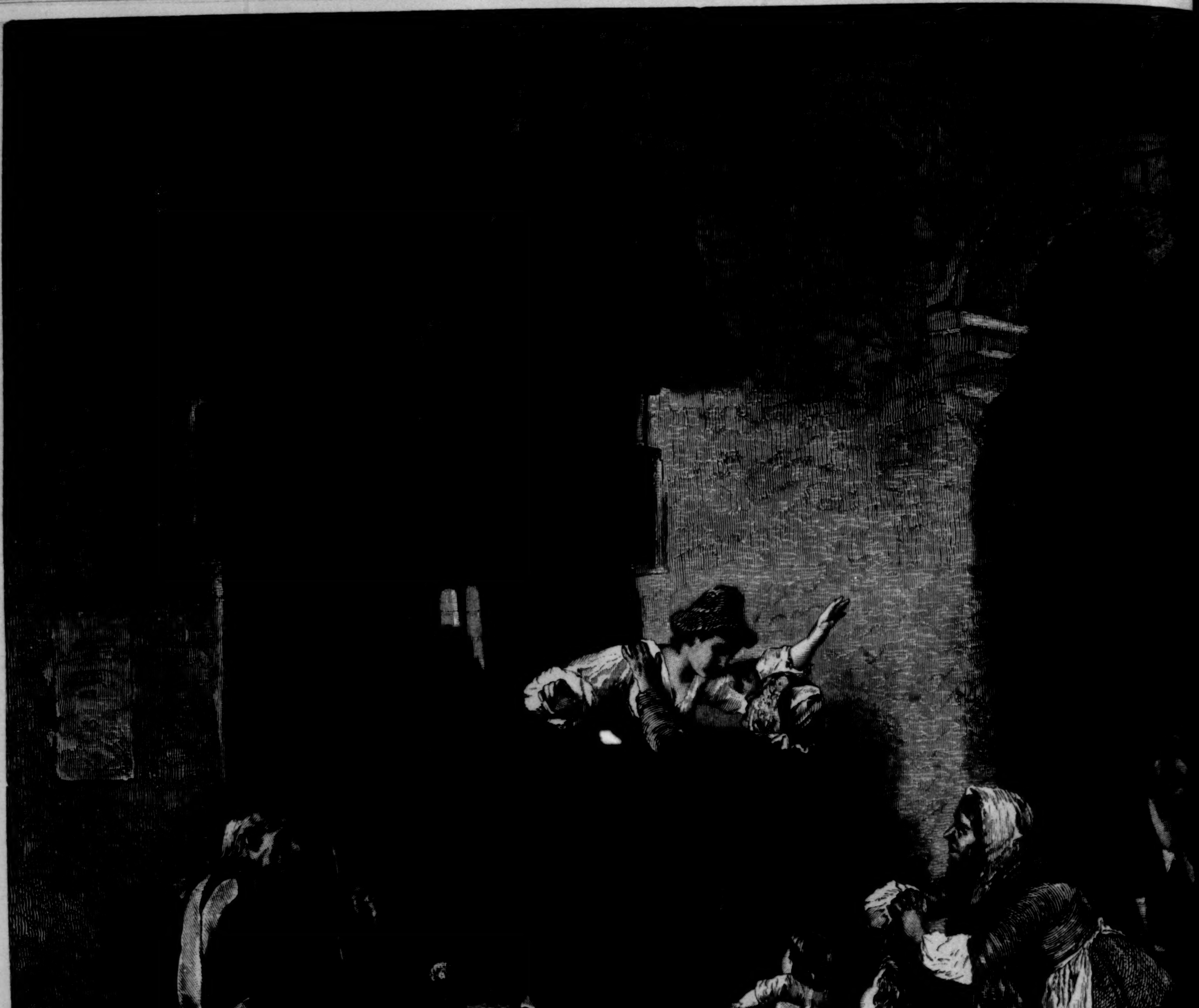

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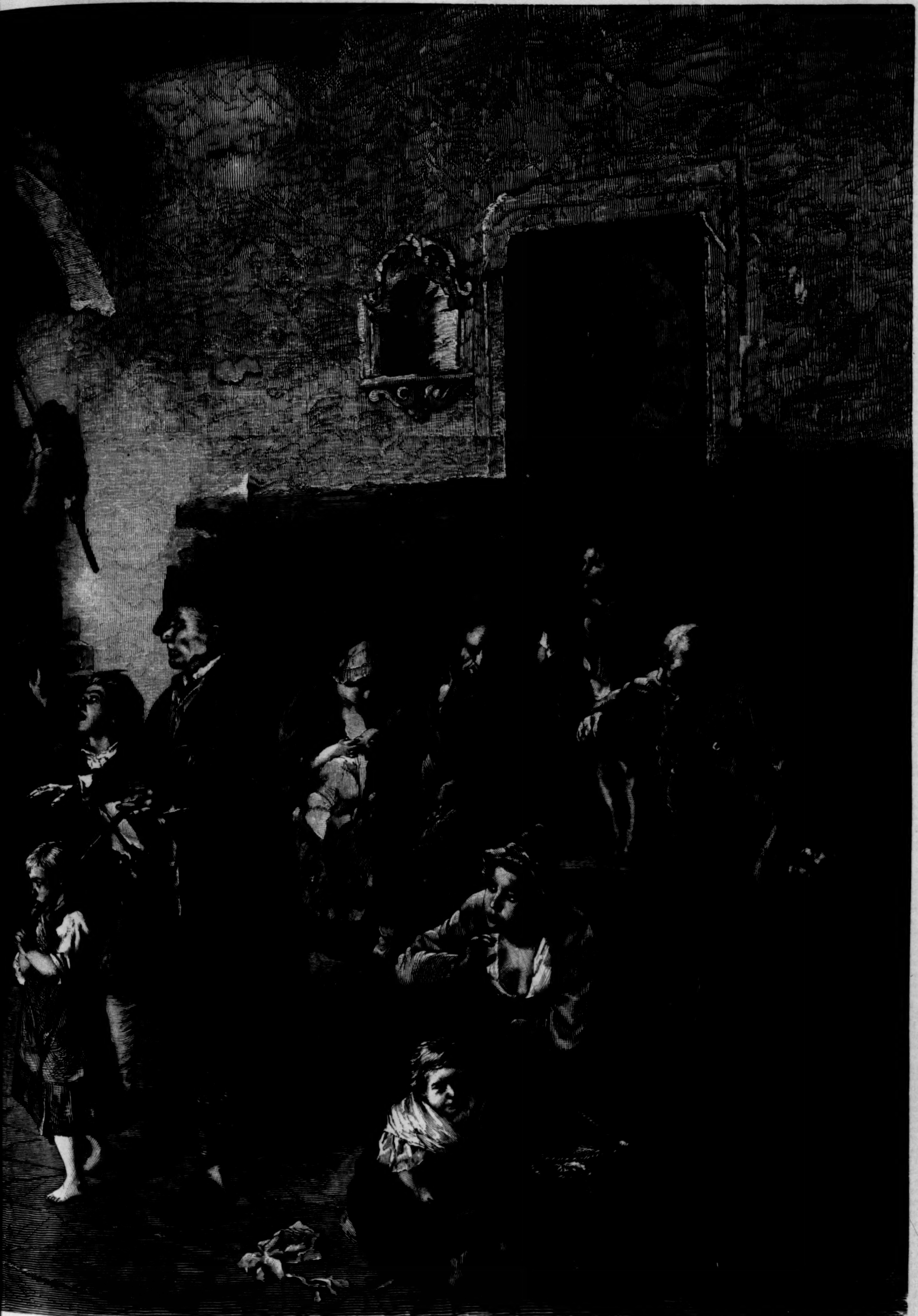

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